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LEAVES
FROM MY DIARY,

CONTAINING

Incidents Connected with a Sea Voyage

TAKEN MAY 20, 1899,

FROM NEW YORK TO NAPLES.

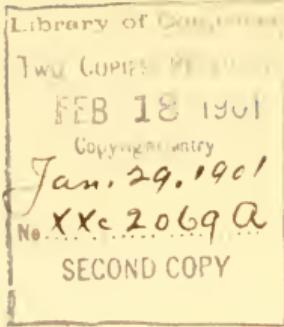
BY

MRS. JULIA P. WILSON.

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PREFACE.

FROM my diary I have simply written out this trip, adding thereto the pictures and incidents suggested to my mind's eye—by the glance backwards. It has been written solely for future reference, and as an aid to keep fresh in mind the delightful associations connected with the trip. If its perusal can give any pleasure to my friends, I shall be more than satisfied.

THE AUTHOR.

Leaves from My Diary,

CONTAINING

Incidents Connected with a Sea Voyage

TAKEN MAY 20, 1899, FROM NEW YORK TO NAPLES.

THERE is something very interesting, and I might also say fascinating, about planning one's first trip to Europe. You ply your friends who have traveled with questions as to the articles necessary for your wardrobe; you feel as if you needed to refresh your memory with all the historical lore that a year's careful cramming would furnish; you have to arrange your affairs, as far as possible, for many months' absence, and finally leave without having given heed to but a meagre portion of the advice offered you by your friends, as to your physical needs and comforts, with but a scanty revision of historical facts and with a score of matters unattended to.

The long looked-for day you are to sail arrives, and you find that it requires considerable courage to board the steamer, hear the bell sound, which warns your friends who have accompanied you on board to leave, bid good-by to them all, see the gang-plank taken up, know by the working of the machinery that you have started, and wave a long adieu to the dear ones you leave on the wharf, as their receding forms become a mere speck upon your strained vision, and you steam away from the country you have loved and lived in all your life, to other countries not your own.

You turn away from the rail with tears in your eyes, but the conviction immediately comes over you with great force,

that you have started and there is no turning back ; so, as the best panacea for all ills is work of some sort, you go to your state-room, put on your steamer clothes, take a survey of the apartment which is to be your abiding place during the voyage and carefully gauge the number of pegs and the few racks for holding your necessary belongings, and also compute the number of square feet you and your companion are each entitled to. Your thoughts almost instinctively revert to your nice room at home, its commodious drawers and closets and standing room also, and you involuntarily sigh ; and then you look up and see two life preservers, and if you are inclined to be a bit timid, you just shudder a little when you remember what emergencies they suggest.

You go up on deck and try to interest yourself in the sky and water, (for you are now out of sight of land) but you have parted with your dear ones too recently to take much interest in anything. As the sea is calm, you take luncheon and dinner in the saloon and congratulate yourself that you are impervious to sea-sickness. You retire early, for you find yourself very tired after the excitement of the start.

We were awakened by a terrible crash in the early morning, but as I had been warned that it would take some little time to become accustomed to the sounds on shipboard, I did not let this disturb me much, hoping that no serious disaster had occurred. My friend descended from the upper berth and commenced dressing, but as the steamer was rolling considerably she soon felt sick. To my inquiry whether I could not assist her in some way, there were unmistakable evidences that she wished to be let *entirely* alone. Her innate pluck and energy, however, enabled her to dress and go out on deck in a remarkably short space of time. I was feeling so comfortable where I was that I did not change my location for quite a

while. At last I thought I would rise and try to persuade myself that I should not be sick. I did so, and had just put on my shoes and stockings, when oh! I wished I hadn't, for I felt sure that I should have to remain in a recumbent position during the remainder of the voyage if my present feelings were to continue. Why do people invariably smile at sea-sickness? I am sure I felt for a time as if I should never smile again. I reclined on the lounge, but was miserable there. I knew that if I could only get out into the air I should feel better. I looked at each article of my clothing and calculated how many times I would have to lie down before I could get fully dressed. It was several steps to the wash-bowl, and how could I get there, and then how could I ever hold my head up long enough to comb my hair! After several desperate efforts all these feats were accomplished, but I don't believe I should have refused assistance had there been any at hand.

After another season of reclining and deliberating on how I was to stand up on that lounge and reach my wrap and cap, I finally accomplished all these seeming impossibilities, emerged from my state-room and reached the deck. The air revived me, but I did not feel very lively, though I did not have to lean over the railing every few minutes, as some of my fellow-passengers did. Simple meals were served us on deck, but it was quite aggravating to have the only well member of the party, who was able to go to all his meals, dilate upon the choice viands served in the saloon.

Were it not that in most cases one is compelled very soon to pay tribute to the sea, and thus her thoughts are turned in upon herself, the heart or home-sickness would be unendurable; but, as some one has said, "there is a wise compensation in all things," so, it may be, there is a wise dispensation in this required tribute to the sea. There may be varied opinions

with regard to this; but if, as in my own case, one is fortunate enough to have satisfied old ocean's demands in two days, then he or she can give some attention to the ship, and look around a little among the passengers.

Tipped back in your steamer chair, with your rug nicely tucked in around you, you have a nice point of observation as the groups pass by, promenading on deck, for exercise. You are at once interested, the air is invigorating, the steamer is moving along quietly, and you begin to enter into the life on shipboard with considerable zest and real enjoyment. The sea roughens a little and the steamer begins to roll. You watch the passengers as they try to keep up their exercise. At last your neighbor suggests that you take a little stroll. You find it necessary to come down to first principles and learn how to walk, for part of the time one limb you find should be shorter than the other, and then the short one needs lengthening. After some droll experiences, you become quite an expert, in this shifting process; but it is very amusing to see some very dignified individual (man, of course) assume to be utterly indifferent to such requirements, and then to see his look of disgust when he finds that he must follow the same rules that apply to ordinary mortals.

One usually lays in a large supply of books, and expects to do much reading on the voyage. In this one is usually disappointed, for much time is consumed with the three meals, served in the saloon, and the two light lunches on deck. Breakfast at eight; ham, tongue and cheese sandwiches at eleven; luncheon at one; lemonade and wafers at four; and dinner at seven.

Exercise, of course, is quite essential, and promenades around the deck are indulged in many times during the day and evening. At 10 A. M. the band plays a number of selec-

tions, and this is very enlivening, though this is peculiar, I believe, to the German steamers, as music is one of their specialties. At twelve, or half-past, you find yourself consulting the ship's log, and are quite astonished at your enthusiasm when a particularly good day's run has been made. The officer in charge used to pin a little flag on the chart, indicating the point we had reached daily on the imaginary line, drawn between New York and Naples.

After a few days you find yourself consulting the ship's passenger list, as one and another greet you, and trying to locate them—by their steamer chairs. One often finds a familiar name, and perhaps, as in my own case, one bearing my maiden name.

Many times during the day do the passengers look over the rail, down upon the motley group quartered below, in the steerage. Men, women and children sit and lie outstretched upon the deck, clad in various colored garments, some strong and well, and others pale and sickly. The contrast between their food—soup taken in tin ladles, with large chunks of bread, and the luxurious course dinners served the cabin passengers, the band playing during the meal—is very marked. When basking in the sun and when the sea was comparatively calm, they had their diversions and seemed very happy. Many a night have I listened to their songs, and seen them trip the “light, fantastic toe,” to the music of an accordion, or to the hum of their own voices. I could not keep them out of my mind, though, when for two days, while the steamer was pitching terribly and the huge waves swept over their deck, they were locked down below. A gentleman told me, who passed through their quarters afterward, that the filthy condition of their berths was almost indescribable, as they ate, drank and slept in them, in the most indiscriminate manner. It is a fact,

I am told, that the mattresses and pillows are clean when they leave port, but have to be thrown overboard at the end of the voyage.

We were alone, as it seemed, upon the broad and trackless ocean for a number of days, for not a boat did we pass, and so could fully appreciate the cry, "a sail, a sail!" Immediately the passengers were astir. Everyone rushed to the side whence proceeded the sound. Field and opera glasses were at once brought into position, for one was indeed fortunate, who, with the naked eye could even descry a tiny curl of smoke on the distant horizon. One can hardly understand the feeling of companionship that comes over people when they know that another steamer is in sight, and no one is willing to turn their gaze away until the last curl of smoke fades in the dim distance.

Another sound often summons the passengers with a rush to one side of the ship: "a whale, a whale!" Not until my return passage was I fortunate enough to see one of those monsters of the sea; but large porpoises, jumping out of the water, were very numerous, and I think were often called whales, though some were sure they saw them spout.

Very interesting to some of the passengers was the change of the watch, when the one, two or three men on the lookout (as the need may be) descended from their high perch, and others took their places. These men were stationed high up on the mast, on the bow of the steamer, with seemingly no protection from the wind or storms. Through cold and heat, day and night, through storm and sunshine, they ever peer out ahead, and their watch is never relaxed.

We never saw the men who kept up their incessant labors down below, feeding the fires in order to keep up that ceaseless throb of the engines; but we were allowed, in good wea-

ther, to go upon the "bridge," where were stationed our good captain and his able corps of officers. The signals of communication between the men on the lookout, the officers on the bridge, and those at work below, were so complete and so noiseless in their operation, and the discipline on board so perfect, that we were greatly impressed with the marks and requirements of good seamanship.

The children on board contribute very greatly to the delight of the voyage. Their devoted parents, having thrown aside all care, enter into their games and pastimes with great zest. Shovel-Board and Ring Throwing seemed to be the favorite games, and young and old vied with each other in tests of strength and agility.

Our captain took a stroll along the deck every morning, and so gracious was his bow, and so pleasant were the words he exchanged with each and every one, that those who were not in their chairs to receive his kindly greeting, seemed to have missed something really essential from their daily lives. The waive of his hand and the graciousness of his manner were unequalled, and his gentlemanly bearing not exceeded by one of the passengers. A good captain traverses every portion of his ship daily, and a fellow passenger told me that wherever he happened to go, there he met, at some time, our captain. The scrupulous cleanliness of every portion of the steamer seemed to attest his ever-watchful eye.

Memorial Day upon the ocean was fittingly commemorated by speeches and song. Mr. Cornelius Dodge was on board, with his family. He was Master of Ceremonies on this occasion, and the exercises closed with a grand promenade around the deck, all joining in singing our national songs.

An entertainment was given for the benefit of widows and orphans of sailors, which was really a fine affair, revealing

to us the varied talents of the passengers *en route*. We had a reverend madam, a professor from Boston, elocutionists of marked ability, musicians of high culture, orators, both humorous and sedate, as well as those capable of giving us the clog dance with great spirit and éclat.

The special entertainment for the young was the transformation, in a twinkling as it seemed, of our side of the steamer, while we were down to dinner, into a beautiful dancing hall, by the profuse draping with flags and the wiring with red, white and blue electric lights. To the rythm of the music of the band couples whirled and glided into the wee, small hours of the night.

On our first Sabbath out, before we left our state-room, the band played "Nearer, my God, to Thee," and as the sweet strains reached our ears it seemed as if it had never sounded so beautiful before. We had no other service, as, perhaps, this was deemed to be all that was necessary; though I do not think our captain felt like one I heard of, who, when approached by a passenger who desired permission to hold a service in the saloon, said: "Mein Gott! what more do you want! Didn't the band play "Nearer, my God, to Thee."

On our second Sunday we had a most acceptable service. Professor Brown read a portion of Scripture, Mrs. Chapin of Mt. Vernon preached, Madame Hesse sang "The Holy City," and all the passengers joined in the singing of the hymns.

On the morning of May 26th all rose early, as our captain had promised us a sight of the Azores, he sailing fifteen miles out of his course in order to give us this pleasure. At 5.30 A. M. we were on deck, with opera and field glasses in hand, though a good view of the islands was revealed without these aids, to the naked eye. They are of volcanic formation, nine in all, and rise out of the water to quite a considerable height,

the sides of the mountains being cultivated, even to their very tops. Hedges divide the various vineyards and fields, and as these patches are of various colors, according to the crops, the whole presented a lovely and picturesque appearance. We could descry on each a monastery, windmills, bridges, etc., and the low, white houses, with red-tiled roofs, and the picture was ever varied and interesting. We did not reach the largest, San Miguel, until about 3 P. M., and were from that time until 6 in passing. We next went up on the bridge, from which we had a most charming view. There is upon this island a mountain peak called Pico, as high as our Mt. Washington. I wish I might picture the panorama which opened to our vision on that eventful day. I have spoken of the ever-varying hues, but I can hardly make real the velvety greens of the vineyards, the lighter ones of the ripening grains, the dense foliage of the olives, and for a background, or rather on the sides of the mountain, the cocoanut palms, with their corona-shaped foliage, on the tops of their bare and leafless trunks. No language can fully portray the beauties of that ever-changing scene. There are forty towns on this one island, and when we thought we had passed all of importance, a surprise overtook us as we rounded the extreme corner of the island, in the form of a snug harbor and a very large settlement consisting of high buildings, tall chimneys, extensive manufactories, and even the iron horse and the inevitable freight train. A large man-of-war was anchored near, and the shipping appeared to be of no mean proportions.

Our next sight of land was nature's bulwark and fortress—Gibraltar. Here, after nine days upon the ocean, we were to land for a stay of from three to five hours. We anchored in the bay and were to be taken to the shore in small steam launches. The scene was a memorable one. Gibraltar, with

its tier upon tier of houses upon its sides, loomed up before us in all its mighty grandeur. The bay was studded with small boats, manned by men of various nationalities, in all sorts of fantastic costumes. These rowed up alongside our steamer and plied their various arts, each in their own inimitable way. Their boats were laden with fruits and other produce. So absorbed were we in contemplation of this picturesque scene, that one launch was filled and off before we realized what was going on. Coming back to our senses, we made our way to the second launch and succeeded in boarding her. The landing on the wharf was soon effected, but what a motley group met us there! Men, women and children—Moors, Spaniards, Jews and English—all plying their trades and trying to make themselves useful to us, in some way, for the inevitable backsheesh. At last we freed ourselves and took carriage for a drive.

Up long, narrow and very steep roads we made our way, the people on the streets dodging into open doorways or shops, to let us pass, for there are no sidewalks, and ever and anon did we see the natives peering at us from the windows of the houses along the line. These houses did not strike us as pleasant, but really as quite unattractive. The nice residences, however, were reached by steps which led from these streets up to the tiers upon its sides, upon which they were built. Occasionally we met a fine English carriage, with its occupants; but little donkeys, heavily laden with bags of charcoal, curious vehicles and drags, were in evidence everywhere. We finally reached the English Gallery, where we were obliged to record our names, and then went into an old Moorish castle, or rather through the entrance. This, of course, was exceedingly interesting, and from this height we got glimpses of a fleet upon the Mediterranean and saw something of the forti-

fications of Gibraltar, and also a little of the Spanish quarters.

We were then driven to the Alhambra, a most beautiful garden. Ascending the flight of steps, we wandered along its many paths where were luxuriantly growing orange, palm, pine, banana, fig, magnolia, and almost every kind of a tree; roses of every hue, in great profusion; flowers peculiar to this climate, as well as those familiar to us in our own States; bridges, bowers and vines; and you can just imagine into what ecstasies we went over such transcendent loveliness and beauty.

We then drove to the Spanish quarter. All along the way, and in fact everywhere, there were the most luxuriant vines overhanging the walls, and especially noticeable were large blue morning glories, wide open at mid day, the effect of the blue against the green being very fine. Just as we were getting on board the launch to return to the steamer, men bearing strawberries, arranged so as to look very inviting, called out, "These are American and English strawberries." For ten cents a little fellow lowered to me, in a basket, one dozen and a half of the most luscious oranges I ever tasted in my life.

The next day we had entered upon the Mediterranean—that sea so lauded in poetry and song for serenity and for its ethereal blue. We supposed that our buffeting by waves was surely over and that the rest of the voyage would be one of placidity and quiet. We were doomed to disappointment, however, for no sooner were we well under way, than we encountered waves of huge proportions. They piled one upon the other with great fury, and it seemed as if they were actually from fifteen to twenty feet high. The steamer pitched terribly, and one and another sought their berths below. At

last, after several days, the wind calmed down, the sea abated, and my dream was realized, for the color was so intensely blue as to fully account for all its prestige and glory.

The Captain's Dinner, as it is called, takes place near the end of the voyage, and reveals the fact that even upon the high seas, tables can be decorated in a most artistic manner, viands can be served in most delectable forms, and mirth and festivity abound even while old ocean is displaying most wonderful activity without. It may seem almost superfluous to describe the procession of waiters who, when lights were turned down, burst in upon us, some bearing Chinese lanterns and dainty fairy lamps, others platters of ice cream, and when the circuit of the saloon had been twice made, depositing their platters upon the various tables, and serving the same as the electric lights were turned on, and the place was filled with the applause of the passengers. We, at this time, missed the speech of the captain, for pleasure had to be sacrificed to duty, as his presence was needed outside, so boisterous was the sea. Three hours, however, did we linger at the table, all leaving it decorated with paper cups of fantastic shapes, and each with a souvenir, in the form of a small Japanese parasol and various small flags with which the pyramids on each table were adorned. A transparency, bearing in English and German, the words "Good-bye," stood in front of the piano, suggesting that the end of the voyage was near.

Now there is nothing more to write of, save the closing hours of our voyage. Our trunks must be packed, our traveling suits donned, and we must get ready to leave the steamer, which had been our home for nearly twelve days.

"Come up on the bridge" was the next cry, "We are entering the Bay of Naples." What can I say and how can I picture this most delightful scene? It was just at sunset, on

the first day of June. With Sorrento and Capri on our left, and Vesuvius belching forth smoke and fire on our right, the beautiful horse-shoe part of the bay, Naples spread out upon the hill before us, the Italian sky and balmy atmosphere, what could be more surpassingly beautiful!

We lingered and lingered, but as all things, good as well as bad, must have an end, so, with adieus to captain, officers and friends, we prepared to leave the steamer, so soon to anchor in the bay. A lighter appeared, and from the bow we saw the stalwart form of Mr. Byington, with his hat waving, and hastening to return the salute, we felt that we were welcome even to this foreign shore. In a minute, as it were, every conceivable kind of a boat was afloat and nearing us, and before we were fairly anchored runners from every hotel rushed aboard. Though all was confusion, we made our way to the lighter and were soon landed at the custom-house. And thus ended our outward trip of twelve days on the German-Lloyd Steamer Saale, J. Morrow, commander.

Naples and its Environs.

AFTER leaving the steamer we were soon landed by the lighter on the Italian shore, at the steps leading to the Custom House at Naples. With the help of our consul, Mr. Byington, the officials graciously checked off our hand-baggage—our trunks not yet having arrived—and we entered a carriage and were driven to the Victoria Hotel. Here we were assigned very pleasant and commodious rooms fronting a portion of the delightful bay. Dinner having been served on the steamer at 5 P. M., we felt ready and anxious to retire. Mr. Marvin and Wallace, however, who were wrestling with the Custom House officials with reference to our trunks, did not arrive until 10 P. M. Weary and exhausted, we laid ourselves down to rest and did not waken until late the following morning.

After a Continental breakfast of rolls, unsalted butter and coffee, we strolled out for a walk. But a little way from this hotel was a most lovely park, and here we wandered for quite a distance through avenues overarched with lovely, but to us, strange trees, and here we met and passed peasants and ladies, workmen and gentlemen, all conversing in an unknown tongue, some being most curiously attired. We felt like sitting down to watch this strange procession, but as the stone and marble settees proved rather hard and chilling, we made our way to some chairs which looked specially inviting. We seated ourselves and proceeded to take in this lovely scenery, to comment on the passing throng, and to give ourselves up to the occasion, when we were gently reminded by a man who presented himself before us, that we must pay for the privilege of using the chairs. As we were not provided with the small

denominations current in this country, there was no other way than to vacate and move on. This we did, and soon made our way to the stores. A jewelry store was the first to entice us within its doors, and here we found the most lovely pink coral in manifold creations, and tortoise-shell combinations of every conceivable style. A gentleman who spoke English fluently told us of the intrinsic merits of each, and we felt tempted to invest at once, but wiser counsels prevailed, as we thought then, and we did not do it, but to this day we have regretted that we did not bring home with us something from this beautiful collection.

After luncheon and a rest, we took a most delightful drive from 3:30 to 7:30, returning in time for dinner. It would hardly be possible to describe all the lovely villas we passed on this drive. The streets are for the most part narrow and the buildings high. The majority of the people, I should judge, live in flats. The villas are surrounded by high walls built of concrete or plaster, as are most of the houses, and their walls included acres of ground, laid out with trees and shrubs of every kind, and flowers of every hue, with roads leading up to the dwelling, and circling through all this tropical luxuriosness. Vines, roses and ivy overhang the walls, and often these villas command a view of the beautiful bay and the grand promenade skirting its varied outlines. Time and time again was the carriage stopped for us to feast on the magnificent view, and it seemed as if, nowhere else, could there be such charming, dreamy luxuriance as in lovely Naples. For a mile or two we drove, on our return to the hotel, over this boulevard, which, in most varied curves, follows the banks of this bay, and met, in turnouts as varied and magnificent as those in our own famous watering places, the aristocracy and nobility of Italy.

There are drawbacks, however, to all this loveliness. I refer to the miserable specimens of humanity that follow your carriage, thrusting their hands in your faces and running with you for a mile, if need be, until you throw them the coveted backsheesh to rid yourself of their presence. Everything is resorted to to gain money from the foreigners. Little boys turn somersaults by the side of your carriage, and really it seems so ludicrous that they win the inevitable coin.

The persistence of the cabmen I never saw equalled. They were on the watch the moment we left the hotel; they drove to us, by us and in front of us, and would not be convinced, though we said so over and over again, that we did not want their services.

While at dinner the sublime strains of music were wafted to our ears, and on our exit from the dining-room we found, gathered in the vestibule of the hotel, six Italian girls, clad in their own gay, peculiar costumes, and three men with violins, guitar, tambourine and castanets, ready to entertain us with songs and dances, and in their own inimitable way, execute such a medley of gyrations as to overwhelm us at first with their ludicrousness and afterwards to sicken us with their frivolity. I have never liked to think that I was evolved from a monkey, but I must say that the leader of this troupe was the most monkeyish specimen of humanity it had ever been my fortune to set eyes upon. The hat was passed three or four times before I retired from the scene, but strains of music were long after wafted to my room, and the last glimpse I had of this monkey he was on his knees, with his head between the limbs of a man who had his hands raised and ready to hit his head when he bobbed it up, and yet he failed to receive a blow, so agile was he, and he seemed to be as pleased with his success as one would be if he had been instrumental in pass-

ing through both houses of Congress some bill which would tend to the elevation of the whole human race.

The morning of June 3rd, 1899, was spent at the Museum, where we found a large collection of paintings taken from Herculaneum and Pompeii: the largest collection of bronzes in the world, beautiful statuary, and one or two Raphaels and one Correggio. As a sort of recreation after the weariness that attends a visit to a gallery, we rode through the business section of Naples and visited some of the shops. The cards of Mr. and Mrs. Byington were sent to us while at dinner, and the evening was very pleasantly spent with them, talking of home scenes and the beauties and drawbacks of Naples.

Early Sunday morning we were awakened by the clank of hoofs on the stone pavement. I leaped out of bed, and, peering through the blinds, saw troops of horses passing. As I was just ready to doze off again, sounds of music came to my ears, so I rose and proceeded to dress, for soon troops of Italian soldiers were passing, headed by a brass band, and these were followed by artillery and cavalry, and for three-quarters of an hour there was marching and counter-marching, and great excitement on the street. The soldiers were on dress parade, as Sunday seemed to be a gala day in Naples.

After breakfast we were summoned to see the Princess in her carriage, and she acknowledged the salutes of the people very graciously as she passed.

We inquired at the hotel for a Presbyterian Church, and were told of one, but had great difficulty in finding it. The Cathedrals and Catholic Churches are well known by the police, but few are cognizant of the existence of any other denomination. After many inquiries and some little confusion in threading our way through the crowds, we turned down a

narrow street or alley, vainly looking for any building bearing the semblance to a church. Our attention was attracted to a notice on an ordinary building, and here we found the Church, so-called, by ascending the stairs to an upper room. A small company of some sixty souls were gathered here, and the Rev. Mr. Irving, a Scotch Presbyterian, we found ministered to this people. He took for his text the 32nd Psalm, and dwelt upon the difference between transgression, sin, iniquity and guile. His elucidation of the theme was clear and very simple, but earnest and impressive. Communion followed the regular service, and we sat at the Lord's Table with our brothers and sisters of a foreign land and felt that we were brethren in Christ.

Beautiful flowers we found in our room upon our return, the gift of the wife of the proprietor of the hotel.

Late in the afternoon we visited the Duomo Cathedral, which is very old, some portions having been built in the 4th century. We were urged to go into the subterranean vaults, where was the congealed blood of St. Jenarius which, it is claimed, liquefies four times a year, but we declined.

June 6th, we started about half-past nine, in a landau drawn by three horses, to visit Mt. Vesuvius. The ride of three hours was most charming. This was followed by a long, hard walk of thirty minutes. A troop of miserable fellows, with poor, distressed looking donkeys, pursued me when I left the carriage, urging and insisting upon my riding a donkey. I was utterly disgusted, for though I refused from the first, they insisted, and kept so near, that my ire was thoroughly roused. I could not get used to these miserable creatures and their importunities, for, like the beggars, they did not appeal to my sympathy at all; they plied their trade in such a professional way.

After rest and refreshment, we took the train for the climb of the mountain and were landed quite a little distance from the summit. Here we were obliged to hire a Government guide, paying him \$2.50. The climb was something terrible, as the scoria is eight or ten miles deep, and the ascent very steep. Our guide stalked on before us, while I, panting and almost sinking down from exhaustion, feared I should have to give up the climb though in full view of the crater. At last I gave vent to my feelings audibly by wondering what we were paying this guide for, and then he offered me his strong arm and I reached the top. He drew me to the very edge of the crater, and I looked down into the fiery, seething mass. Terrible bellowing and thundering had been heard long before we reached the summit, and I did not wonder that the ancients had pictured Vulcan, with his forge, in the subterranean regions. We were fortunate in the day for our ascent, for the smoke was rising straight upwards, though as we turned away two or three puffs of the sulphurous odors nearly stifled and suffocated us. We descended quickly, met our carriage, and were driven to the hotel, reaching there about 6.30. After a rest and dinner, we spent an hour or two with Mr. and Mrs. Byington at their own house.

June 6th, we packed our trunks, which we were to send on to London, deciding to use only "hold-alls" on the Continent. At 9 A. M., we took the steamer for Capri, where we were to take dinner. A visit was made to the Blue Grotto by taking small row boats from the steamer, and by sitting in the bottom of these boats and ducking our heads, we cleared the entrance to find the water and the rocky ceiling of a dense, ethereal blue. Our enchantment was somewhat rudely disturbed by the cry of the boatman for backsheesh, so that his boy could plunge into the water, when we cared nothing for

this, but only to understand why this wonderful blue pervaded this seemingly rock-hewn grotto. Capri is most delightfully situated, and from the piazza of the hotel where we dined, we had a most charming view. In small boats we were again rowed to the steamer, and pursued our course towards Sorrento. The steamer came to anchor after a short sail, and small boats, each bearing a pole, on which was the name of some hotel, drew near. We were rowed to the shore by two young men who represented the Hotel Cocomella. We had to climb a stone stairway, overarched and enclosed, from which, at intervals, there seemed to be galleries cut out of the solid stone, and though the climb was hard, we emerged at its top into one of the most delightful gardens it has ever been my fortune to see. The walk leading up to the hotel was through a vine-covered arbor, and on every side were roses and plants—and to me the most wonderful of all, as it was my first view of the same—an orange and lemon grove, the fruit hanging in rich luxuriance from the trees. My enthusiasm knew no bounds, and as the proprietor said: "to this portion of the garden," indicating by his hand a certain section, "my guests are all welcome to take and eat as they like," I took only time to lay aside my hat and wrap, when I wended my way hither and luxuriated in oranges from the trees to my heart's content. After this exuberance of feeling had subsided a little, I took time to learn that this hotel had formerly been an old monastery, and here was the old well and the iron crane of the past still in use. Lovely maiden-hair ferns flourished in the crevices of the stones, and as we drew in the old bucket the clear, limpid water from the well, and drank to our fill in the open court, where the well was located, I could but wonder where were those who, ages before, had had their thirst assuaged in this same fount. Our rooms were those occupied by Marion

Crawford while writing "Saracenica," and "The Two Brothers." From our window we looked out upon the villa of a Russian Princess, the garden teeming with tropical luxuriance, the yellow of the oranges and lemons gleaming through the dark, rich, velvety green of the leaves. We went into the roadway and peered into the entrance of this villa. The roadway was curved, a wall following its outlines, and overhanging it were pink and white ivy geraniums as far as the eye could reach. It seems as if I could never forget the perfect loveliness of this scene. Crawford's villa can be seen on the other side, and from a projecting roof, enclosed in vines, where there are tables where one can breakfast if they like, the view of the bay, of the garden, and of the adjoining villas is so enrapturing that it appeared as if there could be few such spots upon the earth. In the early morning the birds were singing, the air was sweet with the odor of roses, and it was otherwise so still, that it seemed as if here there could be perfect peace, like the Paradise of God. I longed to spend a month here, but, as St. Paul said, "we would see Rome"; and so, as we must soon be on our way, we reluctantly left this Eldorado, and took carriage for a ride to the long-buried city of Pompeii. On our way we stopped at the entrance to Crawford's villa, and then drove on over a most wonderful road, skirting the bay, with its many curves, and with a massive wall its entire extent, and on the left, much of the distance, fine olive groves, with here the most picturesque settlements, artistic bridges, and mass of glowing color against the grays of the gently undulating hills.

At 12 o'clock Pompeii was reached, and after luncheon, and with a guide, or rather I may say *two*, threaded our way through the streets of this wonderful city. I said two guides, for the Government provides one, but we were duped to the

amount of \$1.50 for this unnecessary service, and then were asked to pay the other, as he only had the keys with which to unlock certain carefully-guarded treasures. However, as these are only incidentals in such a trip, we did not let the matter disturb us, but hoped to profit by the experience and become wiser in the future. The streets of Pompeii are narrow, paved with large, round stones, and every few feet are two higher than the others, used as stepping-stones or cross-walks. There are deep indentations, worn by the wheels of the ancient chariots and the cart-wheels of their vehicles. The walls of the houses are very thick, built of plaster, and are peculiar in construction. Most of the shops have some sign on or painted in the stone or plaster, which you could easily recognize as describing the nature of their business. In the Museum are the bodies of various persons exhumed, the positions and features showing the haste of their flight and their terror and suffering as the shower overtook and buried them. Cooking utensils, jewels and relics of every description are found here. After visiting this, our steps were directed to the Forum, where is the Hall of Justice. The prisoner in those days was kept in an underground room, and I think could there hear the proceedings of the court. The temples are numerous and we beheld many of the private houses. The Public Baths are quite well preserved, and one very large house, the walls of the different rooms being finely decorated. The open court is still filled with flowers and statuary, and everything points to the wealth of the owner—the tragic poet, whom Bulwer calls Glaucus. It takes hours to walk through this wonderful city, and they are still exhuming, carrying the dirt in baskets to the carts. Something new, or rather I should say very old, is constantly being brought to light;—truly the wonders of the past are a revelation to us that “there is nothing new under

the sun." I cannot leave Pompeii without speaking of the famous Amphitheatre, containing seats for 20,000 spectators. We returned to Naples, and the next morning visited the Aquarium in the park, said to be the best in the world. Such lovely aquatic specimens I surely never saw, and after sauntering about took a seat where I could watch two Octopi that interested me greatly. There were sea ferns and flowers of the most delicate hues, and one could hardly tire of the pretty ferns and fancies.

After luncheon, June 8th, we took our first ride on the Continental Railway, leaving Naples with large bouquets of flowers presented by the landlord's wife. While the cars are peculiar, and so unlike our own, we at first thought them quite comfortable, but later on found the seats too wide, and then when three men entered, and after staring at us, took out their cigars and cigarettes and commenced puffing their smoke in our faces, we thought if this was a first-class car, we did not see what the second and third class could be. We looked out, however, after this experience, to get into cars where "no smoking" was allowed, and the conductors usually aimed to leave, from this time on, the whole seating capacity of the car to the Americans. The lack of toilet accommodations is very noticeable, and as no stations are called out, the entire system seems very crude. A train, however, can be emptied in a much shorter space of time than by our method, but the baggage service, if you can call it a service, is an enigma to every one. Ours was only hand baggage, which we took in the cars with us, and so were saved the weighing, and the jumping out at each station to see that your baggage was not put off. It was a good five hours ride to Rome, and we did not reach there until 8.15 P. M. A terrible clanging of bells aroused me about 5 A. M., June 9th, but the birds were singing very

sweetly, and the air was cool and pleasant. I could not realize that I was really in Rome, the eternal city, built upon the seven hills, and so was very anxious for my first glimpse by daylight. Letters, however, were our first thought, for here, at Cook's, we hoped to find our first letters from home. After perusing and reperusing these loving messages, we wended our way to St. Peter's. We did not enter the church upon this first day, but visited the Gallery of the Vatican. We simply wandered through, stopping only in the room where were the grand master-pieces of Raphael, "The Transfiguration," and Madonna de Toligno, and The Communion of St. Jerome, by Domenchino, and then went into the Sixtine Chapel where, on the end wall, is a large fresco of the Last Judgment, by Michael Angelo, and upon the ceiling the creations of his genius representing the Preparation of the World for the Advent of Christ. One feels like treading softly in the presence of such works of art as these paintings portray, and there is an unmistakable reverence in the mien of all.

At 4 P. M., my friend Miss Marvin and I took a drive of two hours, getting a glimpse of the Coliseum, Forum, Palace of the Cæsars, Triumphal Arches of Titus, Constantine and Severus, visited two churches, and then went up on the Pincian Hill, from which you get one of the finest views of Rome. We stopped at the church of the Lateran, the one where the coronation of the Pope takes place. It was built in the 14th century, the fourth basilica erected on this spot. It is one mass of mosaic, marbles, gildings, bronzes, statuary and paintings, and must have cost millions.

On the morning of June 10th, we drove across the Bridge of St. Angelo, on our way to St. Peter's. This bridge is adorned with statues, and is a noble approach to the Castle of St. Angelo. This castle was built by Hadrian and completed

by Antoninus Pius A. D. 139. It was built for a mausoleum for Hadrian and his family. When the Goths besieged Rome it was converted into a fortress, and is now strongly garrisoned. In the prisons are the cells where Beatrice Cenci, Cagliostro and others were confined. Napoleon III was a prisoner here for a short time. In the central chamber the niches for the burial urns are still to be seen. It is said that there is a secret passage from the Vatican to the Castle. But a short distance from here is St. Peter's, the basilica built upon the site of the Circus of Nero, where so many Christians suffered martyrdom. The present edifice was commenced in 1506, though two others had preceded it, one as early as A. D. 90. Here, it is claimed, St. Peter was buried after his crucifixion. The vast oval plane, paved with square blocks of lava, in the centre of which is the large Egyptian obelisk, with magnificent fountains on either side, and the enormous colonades sweeping in semi-circles around the two sides of the piazza, is one of the most imposing sights one is often privileged to behold. As you pass through these colonades, one leading to the Vatican and the other to St. Peter's, you are amazed at the magnitude of the place, for there are four series of columns in each, 42 feet 6 inches in height, of the Doric order, with balustrades on which are statues 16 feet in height. As you reach the marble steps leading up to the church, colossal statues of St. Peter and St. Paul are at the foot, on either side. The vestibule is 235 feet long, 42 wide and 66 ft. high. The huge doors swung open and we were really in the church. At first you cannot take in the immensity. You know that it is 619 feet long, and on the floor there are stars at intervals showing you its length as compared with St. Paul's, The Duomo, Milan Cathedral, and others, but you cannot realize it. After several visits, however, the immense proportions become

real to you. You walk along up the broad central nave until you come near the dome, and from there you have a view of the High Altar, where the Pope alone can officiate. Here are the twisted columns and covering, made from the bronze roof of the Pantheon. Just in front of this, and right before you, is a balustrade round a circular depression, with steps leading down to the Confession of St. Peter, as here is supposed to be the identical spot where he is buried. Eighty-nine lamps are suspended from this balustrade, and are kept burning night and day. Beyond, is what is called the Tribune, and is the chair of St. Peter. On the sides of the church are many chapels, forty-five, I believe, in number, and monuments, altars and pictures are met with in nooks and corners. On the right side is the bronze statue of St. Peter with the foot worn out of shape by the frequent kissing. Little children are lifted up by their mothers to kiss this statue—which antiquarians say is a statue of Jupiter—and if one remains in the church for an hour he will see old and young—men, women and children, first wipe the foot with their handkerchief, and then kiss it.

We did not go down into the Confession, but did ascend to the roof of St. Peter's, and here found quite a village of small houses, occupied by custodians and workmen. Neither did we ascend to the Ball, where sixteen persons can be accommodated. From the roof we had a fine view of the city, and realized, as we could not from below, the enormous sizes of the thirteen statues of Our Lord and his Apostles, which surmount the roof; they are 19 feet high.

Few realize, until they enter, that St. Peter's is not yet completed, but when you see the crimson hangings in place of marble pillars to be, you are convinced of the fact, and these hangings detract not a little from the general effect. We heard mass celebrated several times here, and the music was fine, but

we heard no sermon or word of exhortation, and my impression was not one of reverence, for the simplicity of that Last Supper instituted by Our Saviour kept coming into my mind, and I wondered whether all this pomp and ceremony was acceptable to Him. One thing pleased me, and it was this: the poor and ragged walk in and wander around amidst all this magnificence and seem to feel that it is theirs.

We drove in the afternoon to the Church St. Pietro, in Vincoli, where we saw Michael Angelo's famous statue of Moses, a very grand conception of the great law-giver. The Ghetto, where 6,000 Jews reside, was next visited. This settlement, though intersected by narrow streets, did not impress us as we expected from the stories read concerning it. Our drive ended with another visit to the Pincian Hill. This hill is approached through an avenue of trees, trimmed so as to form a dense shade, like an arbor, and the climb of a series of terraces reveals such beauty on either side as you advance, that you feel as if this beautiful summer-house upon its summit, and this delightful park, were a fit crowning to such a parapet of beauty.

June 11th, we heard, at 9.30 A. M., mass celebrated by the bishops and archbishops of St. Peter's, and then drove to the Scotch Presbyterian Church. The text was 1st Peter ii : 21. This epistle was probably written from Rome during the time of Nero, 64-68 A. D. The idea was greatly emphasized that we must suffer, if we were true Christians, as we tread in the footsteps of Our Saviour. Dr. Bainbridge, of New York, who knew mutual friends of ours, was at the hotel, where we spent the afternoon and evening quietly, in pleasant conversation.

June 12th, we visited the Pantheon, built twenty-seven years before the Christian era, and still in a wonderful state of preservation. The bronze doors still remain as they were

twenty centuries since. The Corinthian columns are very beautiful; the opening in the dome still furnishes light, and as the rain descends, it is carried off through holes in the marble floor. The roof, so ruthlessly torn off to adorn St. Peter's, has been replaced. Raphael and Victor Emanuel are buried here. From here we went to the Church Santa-Maria sopra Minerva, built in 1370 on the ruins of a temple of Minerva. Here was a statue of Christ, by Michael Angelo, and a girdle of gilt had been placed around the body and a covering of gilt, also, over one of the feet, to protect it.

The next visit was to the Church Gisu. It is a most beautiful church. Ignatius Loyola, the founder of the Order of the Jesuits, is buried here. A service was being held here, and an Italian priest was addressing a large congregation, who listened intently to his words. He seemed to be an orator of no mean pretensions, and it was the first time we had seen the people really ministered to.

About 4 P. M. we drove in a landau out upon the Appian Way, the historic road excavated and opened by Pius IX. It is now seemingly as firm as when first built, and one's feelings can hardly be expressed as they realize that they are wending their way along the same path trodden by the noble Apostle to the Gentiles, St. Paul, so many hundreds of years since. It is lined on either side by tombs, and when the long ascent is traversed, on the summit rises the tomb of Cecilia Metella. We turned off a little, stopping at the Baths of Caracalla, built to accommodate 1600 bathers at once. These baths were opened in 216 A. D. Some of the mosaic floors are now intact and the delicate patterns, with borders, are distinctly traceable. The luxuriousness of those old Romans is made manifest in these wonderful ruins. These ruins are a mile in circumference, and consist of many chambers, so that the manner of

bathing must have been quite like the Turkish Bath. When we remember that in the time of Constantine there were twelve other similar establishments we can form some idea of the habits of this people. Shelley says that "Prometheus Unbound" was written upon the mountainous ruins of these baths.

We next stopped at the tomb of the Scipios, and with lighted candles in our hands, threaded our way underground to the tombs of Scipio Africanus, Asiaticus and others of that distinguished family.

Our next stopping place was at the church "Dominie Quo Vadis", a small, quaint, plain structure, where we were shown the impress of Our Saviour's feet, it being claimed that here was the place where Peter, fleeing from the city at early dawn, met our Lord carrying his cross, and throwing himself at His feet, exclaimed, "Dominie, quo vadis," (Lord, whither goest thou?) the Master answering, "Venio Roman iturum crucifigi," (I am going to Rome to be crucified.) Stung with remorse, it is claimed Peter returned to the city and was crucified at his own request, with his head downwards.

We alighted next at the Church of St. Sebastian, where we were met by a very interesting monk, who, in a pleasant manner, conducted us through the Catacombs, the entrance into them being from this church. He gave us each a little candle and then preceded us down the flights of stairs, and through the intricate and winding passages which traverse these abodes of the dead martyrs of the early Christian Church. The tombs were in niches in the walls, some large enough for families, some for single persons, and some tiny ones for the children. It was wierd enough, as the monk would throw the light of his candle upon some inscription or direct your attention to some bottle containing the blood of the martyr walled

in, and then ever and anon you would find a palm tree or other symbolic sign upon the walls. The kindly good nature of this monk was expressed in his evident interest in us and his delight in explaining everything and answering all our questions. On emerging from these subterranean passages, of which, it is said, there are in all 350 miles, being the ancient Christian cemeteries of Rome, we wandered through the church, and then drove through the gate, outside the walls of the city, to the basilica of St. Paul. It stands on the alleged spot where, after he was martyred, St. Paul's body was buried. It is a magnificent church, and the interior very, very beautiful. It is entirely different from St. Peter's, but to my mind, grand in its simplicity and richness. The nave is 306 ft. long and 222 wide, with four ranges of granite Corinthian columns, eighty in all, forty on each side; medallions of all the Popes, in mosaic, surround the ceiling, with places for those to come, and the floor is of beautiful marble. The altar is of malachite, and the canopy is supported by columns of Egyptian alabaster, and these stand on pedestals inlaid with lapis-laxuli and malachite. The windows are of stained glass, each representing an Apostle or Father of the church. We went into and through the garden of the monastery, and to the house, where tradition says, Paul dwelt with his servant, the soldier who kept guard.

When we looked upon these massive and magnificent churches—St. Peter's and St. Paul's—reared to commemorate the memory of those servants of God, despised by the ancient and haughty rulers of Rome, we could but ask the question: What is there to commemorate the wicked reigns of those cruel kings but the contempt and scorn of the world?

Our next day, June 13th, was spent in a visit to the Capitol and the Capitoline Museum. A winding road leads up the

Capitoline Hill on one side and a flight of 125 steps on the other, to the Church of the Ave Cœli. The Museum is on the right, and here we saw fine paintings by Titian and Michael Angelo and others. The famous statue of the "Dying Gladiator," "The Venus of the Capitol," "The Boy Extracting a Thorn from his Foot," the bronze "Wolf and the Fawn," on which Hawthorne founded his story of "Transformation," as well as wonderful tapestries, and a Roman chariot and littern.

June 14th, after a visit to the stores, we took carriage and were driven to the Sculpture Gallery of the Vatican. Before entering, and from the windows of the Gallery, we had a nice view of the Vatican grounds and gardens. These are very extensive, and here is where the Pope takes his exercise. We spent the whole morning wandering along the halls and corridors of this wonderful gallery, rich with its treasures of art. Among the master-pieces, we saw "The Torso," a mutilated body of Hercules, the famous "Group of Laocoon," the "Mercury of the Belvidere," "Perseus with the head of the Gorgon," and a Boxer on his right and left, "Apollo Belvidere," and "Mileager, the Slayer of the Caledonian Boar."

One gallery is filled with animals, and these are very interesting. There was, elsewhere, also, rich mosaics and wonderful tapestries. We then wandered through the Library, with its 24,000 MSS. and 50,000 printed books. We were then shown the hall containing the magnificent gifts from every country in the world, presented to the Pope at the time of his Jubilee.

The afternoon was spent in driving upon the Aventine and Pincian Hills, stopping at the Spada Palace, where is the statue of Pompey, at whose base Cæsar was murdered by Brutus. We stopped also at St. Sabina, built in the 5th cen-

tury. Five martyrs are buried here, and the block upon which they suffered is in the center of the church. The doors are of cypress wood and have carved upon them the story of the New Testament. In the yard of the church is an orange tree, the first ever planted in Italy. It was brought from Spain and is still in bearing condition. The monk in attendance presented us with pinks from the garden and pictures of the tree. In the evening, with others from the hotel, we attended the opera of *Fedora* and *Cavalleria Rusticana*. The stage setting was good, the artists fine and the whole very enjoyable. During the intermission men smoked and their ideas of politeness and decorum seemed very crude.

June 15th, we visited, for the second time, the Sixtine Chapel and Gallery of the Vatican. One could spend days and even months among these treasures of art and yet ever find them new and rare. There is no finer memorial chapel of a great artist in the world than is this Sixtine Chapel of Michael Angelo. It is said that Michael Angelo, at the age of sixty, would make more chips of marble fly in a quarter of an hour, than would three of the strongest sculptors in an hour. After luncheon we drove to the Quirinal Palace. We were shown through ten or eleven rooms and while they were interesting in a way, the stiffness of the arrangement of the furniture gives one the idea of abodes of state, and in no sense a place of family life.

The Capuchin Church and Monastery was our next stopping place, and while the church itself was in no sense remarkable, when we descended to the place where the monks are buried, for a certain time, then exhumed and their bones scraped, and saw the attempt at an artistic arrangement of these bones, we thought we never had seen anything more gruesome and sepulchral. An embalmed body of a monk would form

the center of a chamber, then around them were placed the small bones of the arms and limbs in layers, corner pieces of skulls, and so we passed through many chambers, each containing an altar, and here these monks perform their devotions, surrounded by these evidences of the transitory state of the human race. Glad enough were we to emerge from this place and never do we wish to witness its like again.

We then drove to the Coliseum, that stupendous ruin, and walked all around and through its many passages and chambers, where in all probability the wild beasts were kept. When I looked at these massive ruins, the walls of which were built to last forever, and saw where the lovely marbles had been ruthlessly torn from their places, I could not but feel indignant at the vandalism that had desecrated this wonderful structure.

The Church of St. John the Lateran next claimed our attention, and then, after walking through this ancient structure, we went to the building, where are the Scala Sancta, or Holy Stairs, said to have been brought from Jerusalem by Helen, the daughter of Constantine. They are claimed to be the same stairs which our Lord ascended, when He went to the Judgment Hall in the house of Pilate. No one can ascend these stairs, save on their knees, and we saw both old and young, even children, praying on each stair as they climbed on their knees.

Luther is said to have been but part way up when these words : "The just shall live by faith", came to his mind, and he stood upright, and with the step of a free man, descended the stairs, and thus commenced the Reformation.

The Barberini Palace was visited on June 16th, and here we saw the picture of Beatrice Cenci. An Agricultural Exposition was being held in the Borghese Gardens, and to this we went. After wandering through the building, where were

on exhibition the work of the Kintergartners, modeling in clay, and specimens of various kinds of industrial work, machines of every description, we went forward to listen to the music which a fine band was discoursing. Noticing after a little quite a flutter of excitement, we turned to have burst upon our vision, a landau, with a fine pair of horses driven by a coachman with out-riders behind, all three dressed in bright scarlet coats, blue velvet knee breeches, white stockings and low shoes, high hats and a cockade. The Queen was seated within, attended by a maid of honor and a gentleman. She had a fine and pleasing presence, great dignity and graceful carriage. She is greatly beloved by all her people. It was novel for us to see fine gentlemen in waiting approach the carriage, bow and kiss her hand, and then present to her bouquets of flowers, all of which favors she received very charmingly.

The next day we visited some photograph shops and purchased a few pictures. In the afternoon we, with a guide, Madame Linde, went to the ruins of the Palaces of the Cæsars. It is a stupendous pile—full of historic interest. We could hardly realize that we were threading our way through the Palaces of Augustus, Caligula and Domitian, and that we were treading what had once been their banqueting halls, pieces of the mosaic floors still remaining in place and fine bits of marble covering their sides, reminding of the wonderful magnificence of these structures. The walls gave evidence from their form of construction, of the dates of their building, some even dating B. C. and some 300 A. D.. We went up and down the very stairs these kings and their vassals had climbed in the long ago past. There are paintings on some of the walls representing Isis, another a Roman Maiden's Birthday, with the friends bringing gifts. Caligula, to carry

out one of his plans, built right on the top of a vineyard and also inclosed a regular roadway or thoroughfare, by arching it over. This roadway we could see through some openings, and could look down many feet, into the once vineyards below. We saw the Stadium, where the Olympian Games were played and so many other interesting things that it is impossible to enumerate them. From the banqueting room, where so many gorged themselves at the feasts, there was a room set apart for them to disgorge in. From this Palatine Hill is a most charming view of the Circus Maximus, mostly built upon now; the Appian Way, stretching far away over the Sabian and Albian Hills, 253 miles, to Bristini, portions of the walls of Rome, portions also of the old gate and the seven hills of Rome. We saw upon the hills, the place from which, in all probability, the Shepherds emerged when they found Romulus and Remus, who it is claimed were washed up by the Tiber which overflowed its banks, causing the marshy places so often alluded to. From the beautiful garden on the Palatine Hill we looked down upon the ruins of the Roman Forum and saw the temples of the Vestal Virgins, the Temple of Jupiter also, and the place where Cataline, Cicero and others stood when they delivered their famous orations. We passed, in our drive, under the famous Arch of Titus, and also the Arch of Constantine. Three Corinthian columns mark the remains of the temple of Castor and Pollux, and, in fact, the broken columns and mass of ruins unearthed enable one, if they could spend the time and were familiar enough with the facts, to trace, with almost absolute certainty, the various scenes in the great drama of Roman history.

With pieces of marble picked up on the site of the Palaces of the Cæsars, I went with Mrs. Linde to the sculptor who was to arrange and send them to America. In the evening I

was taken by the guide into a Catholic Church, most brilliantly lighted, in honor of some Saint's day.

June 18th, we started for church, but were overtaken by a thunder shower. We tarried under cover a little, but when we arrived at the church found that the service was over, as it had commenced a half hour earlier than usual. At St. Peter's, in the afternoon, we heard fine singing, and saw two children baptized. The service was lengthy, and as it was all new to us, interested us greatly.

Pisa and its Leaning Tower.

June 19th, we bade adieu to Rome, and took the train at 8 A. M. for Pisa, and arrived at the station about 2 P. M. We took a carriage and drove out about a mile to the wonderful Leaning Tower, the Church, Baptistry and Protestant Cemetery, all of which are grouped together. From the pictures I had seen, I did not get a true idea of the lean—13 feet—which was manifest on a near approach to the Tower. It is truly one of the seven wonders of the world, and in its detail of columns, with delicately traced capitals all around each story, and the seven bells in its dome, it is beautiful and most interesting to behold. The Cathedral, finished in the 12th century, is in the form of a Latin cross. The bronze doors are very massive, and a portion of the mosaic floor was taken from the Temple of Hadrian. The pillars of the altar are of porphyry. The marble columns are cut from one solid block, with Corinthian capitals, and of the many pillars, two came from the Temple of Hadrian. In a glass case near the altar are diamonds, jewels and silver hearts, given by people who think they were cured of diseases by miracles. The Baptistry is very interesting, the carvings being especially fine. Until the 16th century all baptisms were by immersion, and now, for the laying on of hands, they have hot as well as cold water. The Protestant Cemetery is built around a square, with sarcophagi and relics under its porticos and paintings on the walls. Earth from Mount Calvary was brought here, and the interments are under the pavements of the porticos. From Pisa we took the train for Florence, arriving about 7 P. M.

Florence and its Art Treasures.

June 20th, just one month since we set sail from our own dear land, and here we are in this lovely city of Florence. We took a guide and drove through new and old Florence, he pointing out to us the places where Mrs. Browning and Michael Angelo lived, the Pitti Palace, old Town Hall and various points of interest. I was intensely interested in the tower of this Town Hall, a window in which designates the room where Savonarola was imprisoned eight days before he was burned. A fountain near by marks the spot where he gave up his life. We visited the Cemetery, and went to the graves of Mrs. Browning and Theodore Parker.

We visited a large Church, but in the afternoon wandered into the Cathedral Il Duomo ; it is of immense proportions, and was built in the 13th century. It is in the Italian-Gothic style, and its dome rises to the height of 400 feet, being the largest dome in the world. Near the Cathedral stands the Baptistry of St. John, which we entered, and there saw two Florentine babes baptized. The Campanile of Giotto is near by. The two bronze gates of the Baptistry illustrate all the principal events of the Old Testament, and Michael Angelo declared that "these gates were worthy to be the gates of Paradise."

We saw also, in our drive, the old gate of the city and the secret passages leading from the Town Hall or Castle to the Uffizi Galleries and Pitti Palace. We passed the house of the American consul's wife, and many very beautiful residences. All along the route the perfume from some flowering trees was very sweet and refreshing. With a visit to a marble

yard, where we saw the sculptors at work, ended our first day in Florence.

June 21st found us at the Uffizi Gallery, although the aspect of the weather was threatening. Here we found a very choice collection of paintings, statues, mosaics, jewels and ancient inscriptions. Among the master-pieces were Venus de Medici, found in the 16th century in Hadrian's Villa near Tivoli; Titian's Venus; Raphael's St. John in the Wilderness; Michael Angelo's Holy Family; Albert Durer's Adoration of the Magi; Paul Veronece's Holy Family; Reubens' Wife; a Portrait by Titian; Coreggio's Flight Into Egypt and Rembrandt's Holy Family. A corridor extends across the Arno from this to the Pitti Palace. It rained hard in the afternoon, but we drove out to the stores, making a few purchases. The evening was spent pleasantly with Mr. and Mrs. Trott, Miss Monson and others, who were our fellow-passengers on the steamer.

June 22d, we drove in the rain to the Pitti Palace, and visited the gallery of paintings. There are here many gems of Titian's, notably La Bella; the Three Fates, by Michael Angelo; Baptism of Jesus, by Paul Verona (pouring the water); Raphael's Madame Della Seggiola; Reubens' Holy Family; Murillo's Maria Vergina Barberosa; his Madonna Del Rosario; Raphael's Pope Julius II; Carl Dolci's *Ecce Homo*; Tintoretti's Resurrection of Christ, the dismay of the guards represented in dark rich coloring while Christ was in the light. Tables of malachite and also vases of lapis lazuli were in the rooms; ten or fifteen rooms of the palace were then visited before we went back to lunch. At 4 P. M. we started, with a clear sky, to drive to San Miniato, about a mile or two outside of the old Roman city gate; this drive lingers in my memory as one of the most delightful of several nota-

ble ones it was my pleasure to take. The road was broad, hard and smooth as a pavement, lined on either side with tall trees. Between the sidewalk and the fences was a space of three feet, filled in with beautiful evergreens, like our laurel with its shiny green, and the lovely English ivy. Beautiful villas, many of them the residences of Americans, with the typical eagle surmounting the gateway, graced the road on either side, and as we traveled this road, with its graded ascent, the driver often stopped to let us take in the scene with all its loveliness and charm. When we reached the summit of the hill, the panorama spread out before us was beyond anything we could ever have imagined or conceived of. Looking back, the city lay in the valley, surrounded by hills, and these were inhabited to their very tops. The Arno divides the city in its flow, and the red-tiled roofs of the houses, the towers and belfries, the dormer windows, the balconies, with the olive and orange groves illuminated by the rays of the setting sun, completed a picture which few artists could do justice to, and which the privilege of witnessing is given to mortals but seldom in a lifetime.

We alighted from the carriage and entered a most singular burial-place in connection with an old church. The slabs were flat upon the ground, covered with the most peculiar floral emblems, the same as are seen everywhere upon the Continent. On being admitted to the Church we found the same features inside, there being headstones with railings around the enclosures, and it gave a very peculiar aspect to the interior. On our return we stopped in the Piazza of Michael Angelo, from which we had another charming view, and saw a statue of his "David," with "Day" and "Night" in the corners.

One cannot visit Florence without being charmed with

its bridges, four of stone, spanning the Arno—the Ponte Vecchio the most interesting, in its being lined on both sides with shops, and having the corridor that unites the two Palaces.

June 23rd, we went out to the Church of San Marco, and visited the Monastery of the Dominican Order. We went into the dining-room and also into the cells of the monks. In every cell were pictures of Fra Angelico. In Savonarola's room was his chair, in which we sat.

The Church of San Lorenz was next visited, and in the chapel of the De Medici's were "Day" and "Night," "Morning" and "Evening," by Michael Angelo. In a gallery we visited were some famous bas reliefs and other objects of interest. Fiesole was the next place of interest visited. It is a drive of about three miles from the city, and was really the parent city of Florence. Fiesole was an Etruscan city, and a small trading village belonging to it stood beside the Arno, where Florence now stands. Here, on arrival, we were besieged by people who tried to sell us fans, baskets, etc. From the Church of Allesandro we had another fine view of the city, but as it was raining our stay here was cut short. Miss Marvin entered a Convent, hoping to be able to see the interior, but was kindly escorted to the door, while the men of the party were admitted without any show of unwillingness on the part of the monks. June 24th, at 6.10 A. M., we took the train for Venice.

Venice, its Grand Canal, Gondolas, etc.

We reached Venice about 2 P. M. The ride hither, across the Appenines, was grand, and we passed through miles of tunnels, scarcely emerging from one before we entered another. On reaching the city, we seemed to cross the water on a dyke for a long distance. At last the cars came to a stop, and a short walk brought us to the land, whence, in a gondola, we were rowed for half a mile to our hotel. From the Grand Canal our gondolier turned into the narrow streets, thus by a short cut covering the otherwise long distance.

One's first experience in a gondola will never be forgotten, for it is such a lazy, dreamy means of transportation. The cry of the gondolier, before a corner is turned, is very musical, and everything is so strange and yet so picturesque, that you feel as if you were in a sort of dream-land. From the gondola we ascended three steps, which led into the hotel, and here secured rooms fronting on the Grand Canal. The picture before us was ever changing and varied. The sails were of red and yellow, and these seemed to harmonize with everything about us. Boats of every description were loading and unloading, large steamers were sailing majestically by, while gondolas were flitting here, there and everywhere. This, in connection with the crowds of people passing and re-passing in front of our windows, made the scene a very fascinating one.

June 25th was Sunday, and stormy in the morning, clearing at mid-day, but raining again later. As I had a severe cold, I thought it the part of prudence to remain within doors. The others attended church. The following morning was so

bright that I could not resist the temptation to take a stroll to St. Mark's Place and vicinity. I was allured into a gondola, and took a trip through the Grand Canal. The seats in the middle of a gondola are very easy, and with the canopy over one to shield from the sun, one feels as if they could move on thus forever. After luncheon and a rest, we hired a gondola for the afternoon and paid a visit to Murano, an island inhabited in the early days. Here are the famous glass factories, and entering one, we saw them blow the lovely colored vases. The island, which serves as a cemetery and seems to be raised higher than the others we made our way to, but as the gates were closed we could not enter. The others of the party took a gondola for the evening, but as I dared not take the risk, sat in my window, and from this point saw an illumination of fireworks on a more magnificent scale than I had ever witnessed before.

June 27th, with a guide, we entered the Church of St. Mark. It is a most wonderful and impressive church, and far surpassed the conceptions I had formed of it. The floor is settling in some places, but the interior is a mass of golden mosaics, marbles, tapestries and paintings. In the vestibule are two pillars, brought from Solomon's Temple, and on every hand are the spoils of Greece and Byzantium, of Palestine, Asia Minor and Syria, in the form of alabaster, jasper, porphyry, malachite and verd antique. While the church was in course of construction every galley trading in the East was required to bring back some spoil to enrich the work, and it is really the history of Venice in marble. The Sacristy is a mass of golden mosaics, and in one large room are all the vestments used in the church. The exterior of St. Mark's is none the less imposing, with its gates of bronze, its domes, spires, statues, arches and columns. Over the portal are the five famous

bronze horses, each weighing two tons—those famous travelers—they were on the triumphal arch of Nero, and then on that of Trajan. They have been to Constantinople and back to Venice. For eighteen years they crowned the triumphal arch in the Place du Carrousel in Paris, but in 1815 were brought back to Venice.

St. Mark's Place is really the heart of Venice. It is a broad, open space, 576 feet long and 185 to 269 feet wide, paved with marble and stone, surrounded by a colonade and most magnificent buildings. Here is the Campanile or Bell Tower, the Church of St. Mark, the Palace of the Procurators, and at the end two magnificent columns of Oriental granite, one surmounted with the statue of St. Theodore and the other with the Winged Lion of St. Mark. People gather here daily to see the feeding of the doves; they seem almost numberless, and are quite tame. In the famous Campanile are kept a day and night watchman, whose duty it is to strike the hours on the huge bells in echo to those struck by the sledge-hammers of two effigies of Moors on the platform of the church tower. We watched with great interest the work of these effigies.

We went into a Lace Factory, or rooms, where 60 or 70 girls were making, by hand, most beautiful laces. The light here was very poor, and as they bent over their work, we could but feel that their vision would be so impaired in a short time that they would be incapacitated for work of any kind. The contrast between the well-lighted show-rooms was very marked and painfully suggestive. A trip to the Lido, a bathing place upon the shores of the Adriatic, was next in order, and we took a steamer and then a tram, and were soon luxuriating upon one of the most beautiful beaches I have ever seen. The air was balmy and invigorating, and the water so

clear that you could see its sandy bottom, and it was with difficulty that I could tear myself away from this charming spot. Another gondola ride on the Grand Canal rounded out a very pleasant day's experience.

June 28th, we wended our way to the Ducal Palace, which Ruskin says "is a piece of rich and fantastic colors; as lovely a dream as ever filled the imagination." The pictures, mosaics and statues were of great interest. The Council Room was visited, Doge's bedroom, etc. We could hardly make it seem real that we were treading the same halls where had been enacted some of the most cruel tragedies the world has ever known. We crossed the famous Bridge of Sighs and entered the prison where so many noble men had been incarcerated, for no offences known to themselves, and met their fate in the passage-way where was still the fatal guillotine with the ducts or sluices for carrying away the blood. It made one shudder to enter the cells once occupied by heroic men, with no article of furniture save a rude iron couch or frame.

We visited the Exposition in the garden laid out by Napoleon, where was a famous hall filled with paintings, the avenues of the garden bordered by lovely tropical trees, flowers of every hue mingling their delicate colors with the glossy leaves of the palms, and here was a band discoursing the sweetest music, and we sat among all this beauty and sound and wondered whether we were really in or out of the body. Nightfall warned us that we must linger no longer, and so we tore ourselves away, but we remember it as a dream of loveliness and beauty.

With a trip down the Grand Canal, a walk across the Rialto bridge, our stay in Venice closed, and on June 29th, about 8.15 A. M., we left the hotel in a gondola for the depot, taking the train for Milan.

Milan, and its Great Cathedral.

A five hours ride brought us to this lovely city, where is the wonderful Cathedral we desired so much to look upon. After resting at the Grand Hotel de Milan, we went out in the rain, through the Arcade, to the Cathedral. Service was being held there, and as we entered, the reverberations of the organ, echoing as they did through the aisles and naves of this colossal structure, made an impression upon us time will find it hard to efface. Then came the sweet strains of a boy soprano, and then the organ pealed out the long a-men. Transfixed as I was by the music, it was not until the organ had ceased to sound that I looked about to take in the arrangement of this wonderful church. There are five aisles, divided by immense pillars, and the interior differed from any I had heretofore seen. I could not take my eyes from the stained glass windows, composed as they were of small panes of glass beautifully descriptive. The outside is no less beautiful than the inside, and I longed to visit it again, but the weather was very unpropitious and kept us from taking the ride about the city we had planned. Some think that there is nothing in Milan of interest to tourists save the Cathedral, but had we the time, I am sure we should have found very much to interest us. At 9.30 the next morning, we took the train and then the boat for Lake Como. The rain came down in such torrents that we could not sit outside, and as the scenery on this lake is entrancing, and not wishing to lose it, we stopped at Bellagio for the night. From my window I could see high peaks, rich with verdure, the clouds lying low upon them, then the cultivated places, with light-colored buildings, dot-

ting and skirting the portions near their base. Then came the clear and lucid lake, and right in the immediate foreground, the beautiful park or garden connected with the hotel. In this was the most beautiful foliage, the gravel paths being bordered on either side with lovely roses, white and yellow marguerites, and in their native and pristine beauty, trees of pink and red oleanders.

The morning of July 1st, being fine, we left the hotel at 10.30 and took the boat. The scenery was one of surpassing loveliness, and almost indescribable. We then took a train and rode for many miles right in the heart of the mountains, with cultivated sections, and an occasional glimpse of the snow-covered Alps. From the train we took the boat on Lake Lugano, and were landed about 2 P. M. at Lugano, a beautiful spot, and a great resort in winter for invalids. The mountain sides are inhabited, and the lake winds in and out among them, and here were orange trees laden with fruit, and a lovely garden with trees, vines and flowers.

July 3d, we left Lugano for Palanca on Lake Maggiore. We went by boat a distance and then by train to Luino. We lunched out of doors, under an arbor, and then by boat reached Palanca about 1.45 P. M. We spent the whole afternoon on the piazza of the hotel, the view and surroundings being so charming that we had no desire to see anything else. The garden of the hotel was filled with the choicest varieties in the form of palms and evergreens I had ever seen, and the walks led right down to the edge of the lake, where was a boat-house and boats moored for use. On the opposite side of the lake were mountains, with settlements on their sides and at their base, and the whole was a picture of beauty and great loveliness.

As this glimpse of these Italian lakes was to be our last

of sunny Italy, we lingered until late in the evening before we felt willing to bid adieu to its shores.

It is no wonder to me that artists flock here in large numbers, for surely Naples, romantic Sorrento, belching Vesuvius, ancient Pompeii, historic Rome, bewildering Venice, beautiful Milan, and these entrancing Lakes, must be to them like the Garden of the Gods.

Switzerland.

July 4th, we left Palanca about 9.30 A. M. on a stage, for a long day's journey. The morning was clear and bright, the scenery ever varied, and the whole prospect charming. After an hour-and-a-half's ride, we took the train for Domodessa, where, after lunching, we started in a diligence about 12 M. for a ride over the Simplon Pass. This magnificent road was built by Napoleon in 1800, thirty thousand men being employed for six years in its construction. The ascent is an inch to a foot. The diligence was drawn by five horses, and as we slowly ascended, from 12 to 7 P. M., the scenery was grand beyond description. Ever before us rose the snow-capped mountains, and we drew nearer and nearer to them, until, as the light of day waned, the snow lay along the roadside. The scenery was ever and anon varied by glimpses of the Swiss chalets on the mountain side, and these very charming and picturesque residences interested us greatly. The lonely lives lived here among all this mountain vastness, it seemed to me, would be almost unendurable, but I could not conceive of any one being other than good, living among these eternal hills, always suggesting the majesty and glory of God.

Our descent lasted from 7 to 10 P. M., when we reached Brieg, where we were to spend the night. My friend and I sat in the coupé of the diligence (a portal in front encased in glass), and from there could see those five horses on a dead run, turning sharp corners bordered by precipices hundreds of feet below, and I realized that should we get too near the edge, or should the brakes fail to work, we would be quickly launched into eternity. Nothing serious occurred, however,

and at this late hour in the evening our horses came to a stop in this small place in the mountains.

It was wierd, indeed, to descend from our high perch, with the aid of lanterns, and to wend our way through the curious groups of men, and narrow streets, to the hotel, a few yards away.

The air was very crisp and cool on this, our Independence Day, and we were well wrapped with blankets for the evening ride. The fire in the hotel was very welcome, and the heavy silk comforters provided for our beds very acceptable. In the morning we took a little stroll to satisfy our curiosity with regard to this small settlement right in the heart of the mountains, but we had another Pass to climb, and so must take the train for Martigny in good season. There seemed to be a few rude shops, and the center of the place was like a bowl cut out of the mountain fastness, and we felt as if they had been let down from the heights, into this little niche, for rest and refuge.

Our train reached Martigny about noon, and from there we started in a carriage, drawn by two horses, to cross the Tête Noire Pass. The ascent was so much steeper than the other, and the road so poor in comparison with the Simplon, that it took us over three hours to climb to the top, where we found poor accommodations, and were given a very inferior lunch, at a fancy price. Many parties were walking over this pass, and among these many women. With their alpen-stocks they seemed to be very independent, but when, at a late hour in the evening, we passed some of these women on the road, I thought they were carrying their independence to its full proprietary limit. Through inadvertent circumstances we could not commence our descent until 6 P. M., and then did not reach Chamounix until 10 at night—cold and hungry.

The wildness and grandeur of the scenery on this descent I cannot leave unrecorded, for there were gorges of great vastness, the verdure in their midst seeming to be of almost tropical luxuriance; trees rose to great height, vines were clinging to rocks and crags; and then the Alpine flowers, with their bright, intense colorings, intersected and dotted the mountain sides, and the whole was like an oasis of beauty among the stretch of mountains. Our driver was a very careful one, and so we could take in and absorb this loveliness to our heart's content. Fortunately, on our arrival at the hotel, we found our host ready to satisfy our fleshly cravings, and we retired for the night both warmed and well fed.

Glorious Mt. Blanc loomed up before us in all its grandeur as we went out onto the piazza of the hotel the next morning, and two glaciers were right in sight. It was as cool here July 6, 1899, as at home in October. After my experience at Vesuvius, I concluded not to attempt climbing any more mountains, and so contented myself with a nice long walk, where I could have a better view of the glacier. We found many English clergymen and their families at this hotel, and spent much time very pleasantly in the parlor with them. A mist had hung over Mt. Blanc through the day, but as we came out from dinner the sun was shining upon its top, and it was one of the grandest and most beautiful sights it has ever been my privilege to behold. A large company of guests were held spell-bound by its beauty, and none cared to gaze on aught else, until the setting sun gave warning that its rays were being withdrawn, and its smiles giving way to the dampness and chill of night.

Miss Marvin's attempted ride to the Meré de Glacé was interrupted by a shower of rain on the afternoon of July 7, and so, as in the morning, we had made a tour of the shops

and visited an old church and cemetery, we proceeded to pack our belongings so as to be ready for an early start in the morning. The tinkle of the cow-bells is a peculiar feature of Chamonix, and this was the first sound that awakened me the morning after our arrival; and bells of every size and metal seemingly are on sale for tourists' collections.

July 8th—Geneva was our objective point for the day, and so at 7 A. M. we took seats in a diligence for Fayal, where we were to meet the train. The air was crisp, the day clear, and the early morning ride lovely and invigorating. The scenery was entrancing and bewitching, and little glimpses of the same seem to be pictured before my eyes as I write. First we passed through a gorge, with the river impetuously dashing along, while the trees rose like sentinels on either side, reaching upward towards the sky. From this we emerged into an amphitheatre surrounded by mountains, some of which were covered with snow; then the river spread out and the village appeared, laid out upon the mountain side and in the valley. Ever and anon there would flow down the mountain side a little stream, gathering unto itself rivulets and rills in its flow, till, with great power and volume, it would leap from some projecting cliff in the form of a most glorious waterfall. Our adjectives for expression gave out on this ride, and we felt we could only sit mute, rapt in wonder and admiration; filled with praise to our Heavenly Father, who had created such dreams of beauty, and permitted us poor mortals to behold them. Geneva was reached by train about 1 P. M. Our rooms overlooked this beautiful lake, and the hotel fronted on a wide boulevard, lined on one side with fine buildings, while the lake front, on the other side, was bordered by walks, winding through grassy plots, planted with trees, dotted with mounds of flowers, the whole, as far as the eye could reach,

looking like a lovely park. A very artistic bridge crosses the lake but a little way off, and steamers were plying up and down, and boats of every description. Strains of music were wafted to my ears, and as I gazed upon all this loveliness, I felt as if I would like to stay here a week. As time would not permit, we made our way across the bridge, and then took a drive about the city. It contains about 70,000 inhabitants, and contains many places of interest. We saw the Cathedral, the Russian Church with its five gilded domes, the College, and fine residence streets, and then entered some of its beautiful stores.

July 9th, it being Sunday, I was awakened by the blowing of whistles, the strains of music from a band, the tramp of horses, and confusion of a crowd upon the street. I looked out of the window to see people starting off upon the steamer for a Sunday excursion. This is the way a Continental Sabbath is spent, for these steamers were loading and unloading all through the day and late into the night, right in sight of my window. A short distance from the hotel we found an Episcopal Church, which we attended. The rector was a young man, but he gave us a most interesting sermon. His text was: "Ye shall not surely die." He claimed that "moral degradation commenced whenever one believed the evil spirit rather than God, no matter whether you took the story as an allegory or not. Man was and always would be the same. He was never an ape and would never in this world be an angel. He could not transgress physical laws without suffering the penalty for the transgression, neither could he the moral law without a corresponding penalty."

The next morning we visited the Russian Church, took a farewell look at Geneva, and left in the train at 11 A. M. for Berne. As we neared the city, about 5 P. M., it presented a

most attractive and picturesque appearance. The scenery the whole of the way had been delightful. The lake was visible for the greater part of the time, and the Swiss cottages with their red-tiled roofs against the green of the landscape, added to the variety and beauty. The barns are so closely connected with the houses as to form a part of the same, and there is such an evidence of prosperity on every side, that one forms a very favorable idea of the Swiss peasantry. On reaching Berne our drive to the hotel was through streets lined with flags, profuse with decorations and flowers, spanned with arches, and betokening, on every side, great rejoicing and a gala day. A Singing Festival was being held here, and there were crowds everywhere, each society having some badge to distinguish it from the others, and we felt glad that, unwittingly on our part, we had reached the city in time to see even the close of their festivities. A temporary structure had been erected for the occasion at a cost of \$30,000, and this gave some idea of the enthusiasm of the people. An Organ Concert in the Cathedral was the closing exercise of the festival, and this we availed ourselves of hearing. Mr. Hesse, a celebrity, played, and proved himself a wonderful musician.

In the morning we visited the Cathedral, which is very old, with some very wonderful carvings at the entrance. We went to see and feed the bears of Berne, and then took in a sight which we shall ever think of with interest. It was Market-Day, and the farmers drove in with their wives, families and produce, in the funniest kind of chaises. This produce they display on both sides of the street, and the women seem to do most of the selling. Everything looked neat and nice, and there was everything, it seemed, exposed for sale:—poultry, pigeons, rabbits, dogs, meats, fruits, vegetables, flowers, eggs and butter. We went into many of the stores, most of

these being in a sort of arcade, and found them very nice and attractive. The buildings are very quaint, with their overhanging roofs; and we saw a very novel way of hoisting building materials; it was a large wheel, and a man inside walking to turn it.

The Wonderful Clock on the Tower we endeavored to visit about noon, as when the hour of 12 comes, the figure of a man, with a sledge-hammer in his hand, appears and strikes with hard blows, the bell. Lower down an old man, with an hour-glass, turns it up and down, and then turns his head from side to side; others go round and round, and a rooster flaps his wings vigorously. There is always a crowd at this hour looking up, and as I turned my gaze upon the group it presented a funny and ludicrous appearance.

At 2.12 we left Berne for Interlaken, situated right in the heart of the mountains; we arrived at 5 P. M., and found it a charming spot. The Jungfrau was visible from my window, covered with snow, and two other peaks nearly so. The Hotel Victoria is very finely located, and as the air was mild and balmy, we could luxuriate in the landscape garden forming the entrance to it, on settees surrounded by roses and vines, with the snow-capped mountain in full view. The wide street in front was lined with elegant hotels, and as strains of music reached us we wandered along to see from whence these strains proceeded. We soon found the entrance to a lovely casino, for which a moderate admission for the day is asked. Here we wended our way in the afternoon and again in the evening, for here, three times a day, could we hear a lovely concert, and at the same time be served with ices, coffee or beer. In the evening three Swiss girls sang very beautifully, one of them, it seemed to me, presaging to rival the Swedish Nightingale. A man then imitated, very closely, every bird I had

ever seen or heard of. We were waited upon here, as well as at the hotel, by girls, wearing the picturesque costume of the Swiss: black skirts, changeable silk aprons, white waists with black velvet bodices, short sleeves and silver chains festooning from buttons in front over the shoulders and fastened behind. To close the festivities of the evening there was an elaborate display of fireworks. The guests were lounging all about under the trees in the garden of the hotel, for there were tables here and there, and the variety of roses was great, and around the columns of the portal were flowering geraniums ten and fifteen feet high.

July 13th, though desiring to prolong our stay, we tore ourselves away, after luncheon, and took the steamer on Lake Brienz. An hour's delightful sail brought us to the train, which we took, for Luzerne. Our ride was over the Brunig Pass, the scenery of which was very impressive. The rocks rose above us like battlements, and we could, without any great stretch of the imagination, see castles, turrets and bastions outlined before us. The grades are so steep that a cog-wheel engine and cog-wheel center rail are brought into requisition during some parts of the way. At times there were over-hanging rocks which seemed to threaten destruction, and then there were glimpses of the valley below, every little spot being carefully cultivated. There were beautiful Alpine flowers, and waterfalls, that caused us to shout in ecstacies, whether it seemed appropriate or not.

About 6 P. M. our train rolled into the immense station at Luzerne. Low rumblings were heard of distant thunder, and before we could make our way to a hotel, the storm burst upon us with great fury. We dined in a restaurant, and did not get settled until late in the evening, for the storm was furious and long. From our window was a fine view of the

lake, but we could not venture out until the afternoon of the next day on account of the rain. We then took a carriage and drove all about this place of surpassing loveliness. The old parts are very interesting, many of the buildings having curious paintings and devices upon their fronts and under the cornices. We crossed the old bridge Muhlenbrucke, with its triangular pointed sections representing the "Dance of Death," these sections being but a few feet apart and painted on both sides, so that you can see the continued picture by walking across and then returning. We dismissed our carriage and then went to an organ concert in the very old Cathedral there —Holhriche, built in 5000. There was a fine display of fireworks in the evening, and reclining upon a lounge in the bay-window of my room, I saw the colored lights of the various craft moored on the lake, the city's illumination, the search-light from the high peaks, and the rockets and Roman candles bursting into myriads of colored stars, in the air, and felt that such a scene of loveliness could not greet one's vision very often in a lifetime.

July 15th, we went to see the celebrated Lion of Luzerne, designed by Thorwaldsen. One will always form some conception of a great work like this from the pictures seen, but all fall far below the reality, and this one in particular. Hewn out of the natural rock as it is, it stands out in bold relief and entrances one, and enchains their gaze in admiration. So faithfully has the design portrayed the constancy of the Swiss Guards who fell Aug. 10, 1792, while defending the Tuilleries, that one seems permeated with a sense of fidelity that is stronger than death. Near by are the Alpine Glacier or Glacier Garden, as it is called, where are left many pot-holes, so called, with the stones which were thrown out by the rotary motion caused by the action of the waters in the descent of

the glaciers, still in them, and here we spent considerable time. Some showed the glacier period, others when the earth was covered with water, and still others the period of tropical vegetation. The impress of palms and shells upon the rocks was still there, and the scratches caused by contact with the debris were very plain.

There was music not far distant, at the casino, and a lovely arbor of trees, with paths edging the borders of the lake, to which we made our way and sat on the settees, listening to the music or promenading, enjoying the pure air and lovely scenery. A boat race took place within our range, but the rowers did not start together at a given signal, and as they came back, not being familiar with such tactics, we could not recognize the winning boat, and consequently our enthusiasm was suppressed.

July 16th, we attended Church, but as the enunciation of the rector was very poor, we lost much of the sermon. The text was: "The chariot of God." His thought seemed to be, "that though disappointments and trials assail us, as the chariots of war betoken, if we have faith, we will ever be conscious of the chariots' nearness, within the inner circle, through which we can always obtain help."

July 17th, after calling upon steamer friends, we took the steamer sailing on the Lake of Luzerne, as far as Vishti. From there we boarded the train for a trip up the Rigi, where we were to spend the night. The ascent was gradual, and the panorama spread out before us on either side, ever changing, and very interesting. Quite a party were already here when we reached the hotel at the summit, and every train brought additional numbers. We had a wonderful view of the mountains, peak after peak rising above the others, all covered with snow, and as we looked down below into the valley, the num-

ber of the lakes seemed surprisingly large. Twice we were driven in by the rain, but at sunset there were no clouds, and so we were granted a rare treat of loveliness, new to us, and never to be forgotten. Unexpectedly we met friends from Stamford upon this lofty height, in a foreign land, and spent the evening pleasantly together in the parlor.

July 18th, about 5 A. M., a bugle sounded through the corridors of the hotel, rousing every one from their slumbers, to see the expected sunrise. A feather bed, encased in a silk covering, was placed in every room, and this we found very comfortable to sleep under during the night. As we rose from bed at the sound of the bugle, it was so chilly and damp that had it not been for a notice forbidding the use of these beds, every one would have encased themselves in them to protect themselves from the chilly atmosphere without. Hundreds stood, as we emerged from the hotel, clad in most curious costumes, and they were a funny looking set, shivering in the cold, looking for the sun, which seemed to be for quite a while, enveloped in clouds, and in no haste to emerge therefrom. At last, after quite a weary wait, the sun rose in all her glory, bathing the snowy peaks in roseate hues, and just as she emerged from the clouds, a band stationed upon a high peak, played some very sweet airs. I cannot describe the effect amid those surroundings, but my heart was strangely stirred within me. When all had been satisfied with their gaze, a grand rush was made for the hotel, and one and all retired to finish their night's rest. After breakfast, at 10.30, we descended the mountain and returned to Luzerne.

We took the train for Zurich at 4 P. M., reaching there at 6. After alighting from the cars, we found in the station a bridal party, the bride wearing a wreath of orange blossoms, with an otherwise very plain costume. After dinner we took

a drive around the city, finding it very attractive and interesting. The College buildings are fine, and there was a great deal of natural scenery, grand hotels, attractive residences, and the wonderful Munster Bridge crossing the lake.

We saw many quaint costumes and curious insignia carried by a Hunting Society parading.

Munich and its Beauties.

At 8.10 A. M., the following morning, we left this city en route for Munich. As we entered the station, I was surprised to see a lovely fountain, with plants surrounding it, and as this was the first time I had ever seen anything so artistic in such a place, I made a note of it. We went by train as far as Romanshorn, then sailed on Lake Constance to Lindean. From there by train, after a long day's journey, we reached Munich about 5 P. M. The country through which we passed seemed so very fertile, the crops so abundant and there was such an evident appearance of thrift, that I could but wonder why so many Germans came to our own country. The answer I suppose, is the very low wages paid, and the great difficulty of ever reaching any condition save that into which one is born. After dinner we went in an electric car out to a very large and beautiful garden, where we saw much of the typical German life. Bands were playing and thousands were drinking beer at little tables under the trees. There was a large central building in the garden, admittance to which was by ticket. A lovely fountain in the center of the grounds was throwing its cascade of jets many feet into the air, the grounds were beautifully illuminated, the side buildings all having colored lights and the scene was truly a fascinating one. The great curiosity to me was a balloon made of yellow and white materials, in the form of one of those huge caterpillars we dread so much to see, and this was filled with people, making the ascent to a great height, the balloon being held to the earth only by one cable, and this of rope. Crowds were ready and eager to ascend as soon as the chance was given them, though one told me who had enjoyed the pleasure that you had

to stand, and that there was not sufficient protection on the sides to assure safety.

We heard such peculiar sounds of splashing, followed by shouts of laughter, that we proceeded to the edge of the garden to learn the source of all this merriment. It was a toboggan slide, the cars being in the form of boats and these when they touched the water, threw it in all directions, as they displaced it, to the great delight of the occupants and onlookers.

July 20th, two months from the time I left my own country, found me in Munich, and in the morning we visited the New and in the afternoon the Old Pinacothek galleries of sculpture and paintings. Two paintings interested me exceedingly. One was "The Destruction of Jerusalem," by Kaulbech and the other "The Deluge" by Carl Shoon. In the first the four prophets, Isaiah, Jeremiah, Ezekiel and Daniel were sitting in clouds, pointing to the books in which the destruction of the city was foretold. Seven angels were represented as sent forth to execute the decree. On one side was the army of Titus and on the other, the city, already on fire. Soldiers had already mounted the deserted altar. The high priest in the foreground had killed his family and himself. Ahasuerus was being whipped out of the city by demons in one corner and in the other, peace promised by Isaiah to his people was represented by a company accompanied by angels.

"The Deluge" was very realistic, the ark being seen in the distance, while people of all ages were gathered upon the highest mountain, some defiant, some mad with fear, mothers deserting their children, some praying to their gods, holding them up aloft and others in abject despair. There are ninety-five pictures by Reubens, one of his first wife and another of his second wife and son being very interesting, and his noted "Beggars," very striking. "The Last Judgment," by Murillo,

I liked. There are many Rembrants, Van Dykes and others of note.

We took a drive in a high coach, with four horses and a guide, for three hours, around the city. I was not prepared to find such a large city and one teeming with such elegant buildings, parks, fountains and statues. We saw the hospitals, public school buildings, conservatories, palaces and public gardens. The height of the buildings is limited to three stories by the Government. Munich gets its name from the monks who used to guard the city. The amusing episode to our drive was our being brought for a ten minutes rest to an immense brewery, where we were supposed to alight and be refreshed. As my friend and I did not care for aught save a drink of water, we did not alight. When the guide returned he commented in this wise; "well, I suppose you would be more interested in an aqueduct, than a brewery." After this delay, we were driven to the western side of the city, where, on a rising bank, was the Temple of Fame, a structure with a Doric portico, forty-eight columns and a sculptured frieze. In front of this is a bronze statue of Bavaria, sixty-one feet in height, on a pedestal twenty-eight feet high. At her feet a lion crouches, in her right hand is a sword, and in her left the Thaplet of Fame. It was cast in the Royal foundry in five different pieces, from Turkish cannon sunk at the battle of Navarino. The modelling and casting took ten years. A staircase in the interior leads up to the head, in which eight persons can sit at once and from a loop hole get a fine view of the city. The guide told us that most of the immense statues of the present day were cast in this city.

July 21st, we rose early, breakfasted, and took the train at 8.30 A. M., as we had a long journey of 290 miles before us to Vienna.

Vienna and its Surroundings.

The journey here, though very long and tedious, was through a delightful stretch of country, for the most part, and we saw men, women and children harvesting their grain, of which there seemed to be an inexhaustible supply. The women could cut, bind and load their sheaves seemingly as well as the men, and though we had seen women engaged in almost all kinds of field and out-of-door work, still it was here that we for the first time saw them working upon the railroad. With their hoes in hand, two were clearing the immediate vicinity of the rails, of weeds. The houses we passed were of an entirely different style of architecture from any we had seen hitherto, and though small, were neat and comfortable looking. The barns were very large and the cattle looked to be well fed and cared for. Twice on our way did we have to go through the custom house, though this was no very serious ordeal, as once the officers came into the compartments, marking the baggage without opening more than one bag and another time checking it after asking a few questions. It was 6.55 P. M. before we reached our quarters, having to take a long ride from the station after we alighted from the cars. We were very weary indeed when we retired for the night, but were quite refreshed in the morning, though the day promised to be very warm. It was the first really hot weather we had had and this was a little strange, as they do not have much hot weather in Vienna. We visited the Imperial Palace and Imperial Museum of Art. Titian's "Ecce Homo" is here, Tintoretti's "Visit of the Magi," and many other noted paintings. One by Murillo, a conception of John the Baptist,

with one hand on the head of a lamb, and the other holding a staff with a cross on top and a roll flowing from it with the words "Ecce Agnus Dei" inscribed thereon, riveted my attention. In the wilderness or back ground was a light. Light Coming Through the Cross, by Van Dyke was another which interested me greatly. Mary, Joseph and the babe were in the dark or shadow. Clouds were above and three angels holding the cross, through which streamed the light. Peculiar costumed children were very amusing pictures. Their dresses were long and quilted, the designs being suitable for elderly persons. Most of the galleries we visited in all of the countries were in themselves gems of architecture, but this Imperial Gallery far surpassed them all. In fact the exterior as well as the interior was very beautiful. The stairs leading to the different halls were of white marble, the balusters seeming to be of agate. Lovely marbles of every variety formed the walls, and every niche and corner was filled with some artistic statue, or so arranged as to be a place of beauty. We went into the Treasury of the palace where we saw the Court jewels and robes. After dinner and a rest, we drove for three hours all over the city. The buildings seemed very massive and grand. They are mostly of stone or granite, and seem built to last for all time. The Town Hall covers one whole block, and is a magnificent structure. The Opera House is one of the largest in the world, for next to the Italians the Viennese are the most musical people in Europe. Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven made their homes here for a long time.

The Parliament House is a very imposing structure, and with its mass of columns gives one an impression of beauty and strength one cannot easily dispel. The Palace of Justice is another fine building and I might go on enumerating others, but in a word, will say that I was greatly impressed with the

number, height, massiveness and beauty of the structures and with the width of the many strasses or boulevards, as we would call them. The King Strasse, around which is grouped so many of these fine buildings, is said to surpass in architectural magnificence any other street in Europe. We visited St. Stephen's Cathedral, a noble Gothic structure built in the 13th century. The stained glass windows are very fine and the carved stalls in the choir and stone pulpit are specially notable.

We drove to the "Prater," the great park of Vienna, covering 4,270 acres. Here was where the Great Exposition in 1873 was held, and here there were miles of overarched roadways shaded by magnificent trees; there was the quiet which is so intense that you can really feel it and then you had to drive but a little, when all forms of recreation and a type of almost every phase of life would burst upon your view. It was in this part that I realized the truth of the scenes in "Old Vienna" as depicted on the Mid-way Plaisance, at Chicago.

Vienna has over a million inhabitants and everything is on a large scale. Emperor Francis Joseph has reigned fifty years, and during his reign an aqueduct thirteen miles long has been built and the course of the Danube turned which formerly threatened inundation, so that the danger has been forever averted.

Sunday, July 23d, as in most places on the Continent, I was awakened by the march of soldiers and the music of the band. Workmen seem to be busy here on Sundays as elsewhere. In Luzerne they were plastering houses near our hotel, and here they are equally busy. We went to the Protestant Church Dorothea Gassi, but it proved to be a German Church and we could not understand the service. On our return we stopped in the Votine Church or Cathedral,

built to commemorate the escape of Francis Joseph from assassination in 1853. It has 78 stained glass windows, and six Egyptian marble pillars support the pulpit or oratory. In the afternoon the heat was so intensely oppressive that we wended our way to the Prater and there sat for hours in the shade of the trees. The next morning we left Vienna at 7.30 for Dresden.

Our driver took us to the wrong station and we came near losing our train. It was raining hard, but we hailed another carriage, and reached the right station just in time. Our journey was through varied scenery. From stretches of dense woods we would emerge into little hamlets with clusters of low houses, the habitations of the peasantry. Now and then we would see the ruins of an old castle. Much of the way was through a fertile farming country, with its golden sheaves of grain, ripe for the sickle. We passed through Prague, longing to stop there, but time forbade.

The river Elbe flowed by our side for a long way, and though seemingly narrow and not very deep, steamers were plying through its waters and other craft indicating quite an extensive traffic. Our train came to a sudden halt at a small station, and we were informed that here we must stay for an hour, as our train was late and had failed to make connections. We dined in a restaurant, and entered our compartment to find that our baggage had been again inspected by the custom-house officials, as we were on the border line of Germany. The scenery on from this point was grand. We were so near to a castle as to have a charming view of it, and all its details. The mountains hereabouts reminded me of the Palisades, and assumed some of the forms so peculiar to our own Rockies. At 8.35 P. M. we reached Dresden and were soon established in pleasant quarters.

Dresden and Vicinity.

We were pleasantly impressed from the first with this lovely city. We had been directed to a Pension by friends, but finding it full, we stumbled upon very pleasant quarters with four sisters as our landladies. Our rooms were very large and pleasant, and everything was done to make us feel at home. Our first visit, the morning after resting, was to a gallery of paintings (in the Zwinger), where is Raphael's Sistine Madonna. A room is devoted to this wonderful painting, and while we are familiar with the outlines of the picture, still the colorings are rarely reproduced. A curtain of green seems to be drawn aside, revealing the Mother and Child on clouds of glory; two angels are in the foreground. St. Sisto is on the right, in robes of yellow and red, looking up, while Santa Barbara, in blue and yellow, is looking down; Pope's hat in the corner. "The Holy Night", by Correggio, is another of the 2400 paintings in this gallery. Mary, with the Babe in her arms. Joseph and the animals in the shadow, angels above, from whence comes the light, illuminating the Mother and Child. "Death of the Holy Clara," by Murillo. Clara on a bed with hands folded. Priest reading to her, candles lighted, and vessel of holy incense near. A train of virgins, bearing palms in their hands, with the queen in the center. The death scene in the shadow, the rest in the light.

St. Cecelia, by Carl Dolce. The Crown of Thorns, by Guido Rèni. Tribute Money, by Titian. Christ on the Cross, by Michael Mulcaksy. Christ in the Temple, by Heinrich Hoffman. These are only a few of the pictures I was specially interested in.

In the afternoon we visited the Schiller Gardens, where we listened to most lovely music. On our way hither we saw some charming private residences. The next morning we went to the Royal Palace and into the Green Vault, where the jewels of the royal family are kept. We saw most beautiful ivory, bronze, gold and silver and mosaics. The attendant then showed us all the gold and silver plate, china, glass and linen used in the royal household. The variety and quantity was so great that we could hardly comprehend its need. The feasts of state must be worth looking in upon, for the brilliancy of the gold and silver vessels, with the rare china, fine crystal, matchless linen and decorations, would alone repay one, even if there were no viands to tempt the appetite. Another garden, where the band was discoursing sweet music we visited in the afternoon, and also took in some of the fine shops, of which there are many. The morning was fine, and a stroll by the river Elbe was taken, and the Beuhl Terrace, the popular promenade, visited, where were some fine buildings devoted to modelling, which we did not enter. We rested in the park, where were mounds of sand for the children to play in. At 2.15, July 27, we took the train for Berlin.

Berlin.

It was raining hard when we started, but cleared before we reached Berlin, at 5 P. M. Here we were domiciled in a German family and greatly enjoyed this glimpse of real German life. Our hostess was very bright and witty, and spared no pains to make our stay an agreeable one. Berlin is the third city in size in Europe.

We visited the famous Frederic Arcade, then took a carriage and drove through the "Unter der Linden", one of the finest streets in Europe; it is a mile long, with the Palace Bridge, with its eight groups of statuary at one end, and the celebrated Brandenburg Gate, surmounted by the colossal chariot of victory, at the other. The figure of victory, seated in the chariot, drawn by four horses, is magnificent; and the whole was taken away by the French in 1806, but restored in 1814, after the Treaty of Vienna. The gate cost £80,000, and is the entrance to the Thier Gardens. Among other famous buildings which we passed on our ride, was the Palace, the Opera House, and University, and also the famous statue of Frederick William III. Passing through the Brandenburg Gate, which is 63 feet high and 205 feet wide, having five passages, and which was built in 1789-92, after the model of the Prophylea at Athens, we passed through the Thier Garden, in reality a very extensive park, out to Charlottesburg, where there is a palace and very beautiful grounds. Here was the mausoleum containing the remains of Frederick William III, Queen Louise, their son Emperor William I and the Empress Augusta. The mausoleum is in the form of a temple of the Doric order, and within are the sarcophagi of the four recum-

bent figures, cut out of Carara marble, the master-pieces of Rauch. So wonderfully beautiful are these sculptured figures that you are strangely impressed with their majestic greatness and their pure loveliness. We lingered and lingered here, strangely fascinated with the place, which did not savor of death, but of life immortal.

On our entrance to the Royal Palace the following morning, we were each required to encase our feet in felt shoes provided, so that in our walk through the rooms we might not mar the highly polished floors. The appearance of the company thus shod, gliding about the rooms, was ludicrous in the extreme, and I am afraid that my gaze was oftener riveted upon the gyrations of some of the company than upon the portraits the attendant was describing in German. Some of the rooms, however, were very beautiful, and as we emerged from the last one, we left our shoes at the entrance, and the fun was over. We paid a visit to the Museum, and took a view of the interior of the Opera House; this is considered a very wonderful building, but its size disappointed us.

In the Hohenzollern Gallery, among many others, I was specially interested in the painting, "Antoninus of Padua Holding the Christ", by Murillo. The foreground and sides were dark, while the face of Antoninus and of the Child were lighted from above, and the effect was very fine. The "Raising of Lazarus", by Reubens, was another; Christ is standing, the sisters are kneeling, one looking up at Jesus, the other clasping the brother by the hand, while two men are loosing the clothes; Lazarus has his eyes fixed upon Christ.

On Sunday we attended service at the American Chapel. Rev. Mr. Dickie preached from Matt. 8:31: "Suffer me to bury my father." He said there were three kinds of men—those who are sinful and wish to follow Jesus, but do not

count the cost; those who put filial duties before the duty they owe to God, and those who worship in secret, but do not acknowledge him openly. Our duty is to follow one Master, and to let all earthly interests sink into insignificance. After the service we met Rev. Peter Easton, the missionary from Persia, and his daughter. The weather was very treacherous, so that we did not go out in the evening, but retired in good season, as we were to take an early start in the morning.

Weisbaden.

July 31st, we rose at 5.30, breakfasted, and were on our way to the station before 7.00 in the morning. Our train was an express, and we had to pay fifty cents each, extra, for our seats, as a lady told us they were equivalent to seats in our Pulman's. If so, the correspondence was not visible, for in no sense did they differ from the ordinary cars we had traveled all through Germany in. The train was an express, however, and moved very rapidly, taking us to Frankfort in good time. Here we had expected to stay for a day, but we decided suddenly to go on to Weisbaden, and reached the place before 7 P.M. On our journey hither we saw women making plaster, breaking stones, working the fields, and performing all sorts of labor. We found very pleasant quarters at the Villa Margaretha. Weisbaden is a watering place, like our Saratoga. There are hot springs here, and the water looks and tastes very much like bouillon. Invalids resort here from all sections, the baths and waters being specifics for rheumatism and throat diseases. There are many large hotels and villas, and the public buildings are on a magnificent scale. The lovely flowers, vines and trees encompassing all the buildings are a feature

of the place, and these, taken together with the extensive and magnificent parks, make it a place of beauty and a joy at all seasons. My window opened out onto a balcony, and from there I looked down upon a garden in which were blooming salmon, red and white roses in great profusion, and these, mingling with English ivy and ferns, made a lovely picture.

I have forgotten to record that on our way hither we passed through the Luther country—Wittenberg, Weimar and Eisnack—and only regretted our inability to stop and wander through those places so full of interest. Schiller also lived in Weimar; and Frankfort was the birthplace of Goethe.

We spent a week in Weisbaden resting, and enjoying at the same time the delightful scenery and listening to the charming music furnished by the bands. At the Kursal, a large building containing reading and reception rooms, located at the entrance to a magnificent park, for a mark a day, we were admitted to all its privileges, including two band concerts, one in the afternoon and one in the evening. We wended our way hither every day and evening of our stay, and seated out of doors, listened to fine concerts, with the accompanying attractions of a varied landscape spread out before us. In the foreground was a body of water, with boats plying about, a fountain in its center sending up its jets to a marvellous height, while beyond and on the sides were thick woods bordered by flowers of artistic hues, and walks through leafy bower, intersecting its copses in every direction; little rustic bridges spanned its small streams, and here one could stray away with a book for perfect quiet, or mingle with the crowd who gathered to the strains of the band. Invalids were wheeled in here by their attendants, and thus could enjoy much that at home they were deprived of. Did one wish to rise early enough to go to the springs, they could there drink the water while list-

ening to the morning concert, but as I felt no special need of the water, did not go but once. The bath-houses are well patronized, and though August is not the season here, still there are hundreds of visitors in pursuit of health. At our table we met Mr. and Miss Baker from New York, and enjoyed very pleasant chats with them, Mr. B. is connected with the *New York Herald*, and they were both taking the baths for rheumatic troubles.

We often strolled into the parks, and here are still to be seen some old Roman ruins. One day we took a long and beautiful drive, our ostensible goal being the Russian or Greek Church. Our way thither led through streets lined on either side with lovely residences, and then through woods, every tree betokening the nicest pruning and care. We found out afterward that the Government employs foresters to care for these trees, and so there are no dead branches or leaves, no underbrush and nothing at all unsightly. Ever and anon through openings in the trees could we see the five domes of brass of the Church, each surmounted by a cross, dazzlingly bright with the sun's rays. When we reached the top of the hill where the church was located, we were denied an entrance, as service was being held there. We entered later, but were quite disappointed with the interior.

On August 4th, we rode in a bus as far as Sohnneberg, to visit an old Roman Castle, built in the 12th century. We passed under or through an old Roman gateway, and found the castle remarkably well preserved, and vestiges of some of the old Roman walls. We attended the English Church on Sunday, and heard a sermon from the text, "My house is a house of prayer;" The enunciation of the rector was very indistinct, but one point he emphasized was, that there were various kinds of zeal in the Church, but it is the zeal born of

the Holy Spirit that is Christ's ideal. It was a very warm day, and we rested in the park, on our way home, directly opposite the beautiful statue of Kaiser Wilhelm I. A terrific thunder-storm closed the last day of our stay in Weisbaden, and on the morning of August 7th, we left in a carriage for Brebrick, where we were to take the steamer for a sail down the Rhine.

Down the Rhine.

We boarded the steamer at 9:25 A.M., and were all day upon the lovely river, reaching Cologne about 6 P.M. Our own Hudson compares very favorably with it, and in many respects surpasses it. It is its many, many castles, some in ruins, some restored, which to Americans constitutes its peculiar charm ; we saw thirty or more of these old-time structures, and when we recalled the many legends and histories we know are connected and associated with each and every one, there is a charm or infatuation one cannot well rid themselves of. The first fort built on the Rhine was at Bonn, by Drusus. Under Constantine Bonn was a flourishing city, and his mother built a cathedral here ; Beethoven was born here, and a monument has been erected to his memory. Only one tower of the castle of Godesburg is left standing. At Krengswinter there is the ruins of an old castle built in the 12th century, by Arnold, archbishop of Cologne. The ruins at Rolandseck furnished the subject for one of Schiller's poems.

At Oberwinter one can see the thirty peaks forming the Seven Mountains, and the island Nounenwerth, on which is a Convent of the 12th century.

At Reinbroke is an old castle of the family of Isenberg ; at Leinz is an old castle restored and a new one built ; and so I could go on enumerating, but it is sufficient to say that they are very picturesque and interesting and that the dream of my life was realized in seeing them.

Cologne.

Our stay here was short, but long enough for us to visit the celebrated cathedral commenced in the 13th century, and

not completed until 1880. The cost was two millions, and it is the largest Gothic structure in the world. It impresses you as one mass of delicate tracery in stone, with its carvings and flying buttresses and hundreds of turrets. We walked all around it and found our best point of view on one side, where we could, to better advantage, comprehend its vastness and take in its details. Service was being held in the church, so that we heard the fine tones of the organ, but the interior does not equal the cathedral at Milan, while its exterior surpasses it. It must be seen to be appreciated, for no description can do it justice. After a car ride about the city, we left at 2.25 P. M. for Amsterdam.

Amsterdam.

Alighting during the journey for an inspection of our baggage by the custom-house officers, we reached the city about 6 P. M. Two hotels we applied to for service had not even a single room unoccupied, but at the third we were accommodated. Our first visit was to the Royal Palace, a very unpretentious building, but very beautiful within, and the only palace which looked really home-like enough to awaken within me a desire for royalty. Most of the rooms were of white marble, with most beautiful carvings and statuary. The carpetings were soft and rich, the draperies and furniture coverings of French silk brocatelle of subdued colorings, well suited to the different rooms. The palace cost thirty-one million guilders, but this does not seem strange when upon the foundation alone a fortune was spent. The young Queen Wilhelmina only spends one month in the year here (April), as The Hague is her residence for the greater part of the time. The large reception and dining-room used on state occasions was

very rich in sculpture and carvings, and twenty or thirty Spanish flags, taken in the Thirty Years War, waved on each end of the room; the attendant called our attention to these, saying he thought we would be interested in them. The throne-room was very interesting, with a chair besides the queen's for the queen regent. We next visited the New Church, so-called, where the queen was crowned, and where her seat in church is pointed out. There is here a most exquisitely carved wooden pulpit, in the center of the church, and an organ with 2400 pipes, at the end. The seats were arranged very peculiarly in this church—the men by themselves and the women opposite; the queen, with her ladies in waiting, near by, and chairs for a hundred singers, right on the main floor. The streets of the city all converge to a square, called the Dam. This square is to Amsterdam what the Piazza San Marco is to Venice. Here are all the public buildings. Amsterdam reminds one of Venice with its canals, and in fact is called a northern Venice. Its buildings are quaint and the people hale, hearty and interesting. The canals with the roads on either side connected by bridges, the substantial looking houses and towering trees are so different from what you see elsewhere, that they possess a peculiar charm, and really entice you to a long stay. I would like to visit Holland again, for a short stay fails to satisfy one.

At Rijk's Museum we saw Rembrandt's famous "Night Watch." In it there are twenty figures, mostly in the shadow, their faces indicating that they were on the alert for a surprise. The two figures in the foreground are in the light, and there is a woman crouching, apparently in great fear. All are armed, and the coloring is fine.

Another of Rembrandt's was "The Directors of the Cloth Makers." This is considered to be the finest portrait painting

in the world. I was very much interested in some of the costumes worn by the Dutch. Some of the women have a sort of metal band, worn under a cap, and the band has some gilded ornaments, which are visible in front or on the sides of the face. While very peculiar, they give one a sort of distinguished appearance as well as an attractive one; the young women wear blue stuff dresses, black aprons and embroidered muslin caps. We left this interesting city at 3.15 P. M. for The Hague.

The Hague.

Our journey hither was very interesting, for all over Holland are the canals, and it seems very picturesque to see, on either side of the track, but a little way off, large boats making their way, apparently, right through the meadows. The hotel we stopped at was a gem in its way, as there were flowers and palms arranged in a most artistic manner, and the dining-room opened out onto a broad piazza covered with vines, and steps from this led down into a lovely garden, where were fruits and flowers, as well as pets for the guests. My first ride was in a tram to Scheveningen, a fishing village on the shores of the North Sea. The ride was for two miles or more through an avenue of over-arching trees, and as we neared the village a most wonderful sight burst into view. It was like one of our own gay sea-side resorts, only that the beach was much more extensive than any I have seen, and evidently a very large amount of money had been expended in the erection of immense hotels, and in concreting a very broad roadway or boulevard for a long distance. Just as I reached the little ascent skirting this boulevard the rays of the setting sun were bathing the shores of this Northern Sea, and

for beautiful colorings and vastness of stretch, its equal I had never seen. Upon the beach were hundreds of people, and after a little, lights were twinkling from thousands of windows, and strains of music floated upon the waves of air, as the splash of the waves broke upon the shore, and I stood as transfixed to the spot, so wierd and beautiful did it all seem. The sand upon this shore (for we made another visit here in the day-time) was as fine as silk, and the beach was covered with hundreds of those cane chairs so peculiar in appearance, yet so nice for protection from the wind and sun; and the bathing-houses were wheeled at low tide right out into the water, and then horses attached at night to draw them in. A visit was paid to the House of Commons, House of Lords; and we went into the prison, where we saw the instruments of torture of the early centuries; and then we went to the Royal Museum in the old town hall. We drove to the "Palace in the Woods," where the Peace Conference met, and were shown through the various rooms. The Orange Hall had been fitted up specially for the Conference. This seemed peculiarly significant, for the Palace in the Woods was a present from Frederick Henry, a Prince of Orange, to his wife Amelia. It was commenced in the 17th century but finished by Amelia after her husband's death, and as a monument to him the Orange Hall was called by her the Hall of Peace.

In this palace were a Chinese and also a Japanese room, and also the Queen's Boudoir, all the decorations and furnishings of which were distinctly characteristic—those in the boudoir being all hand embroidered. August 11 we left for Rotterdam.

Rotterdam.

We reached here at 10 A. M., and drove for two hours all about its docks and quays, through a park, and through the principal streets. We were very much pleased with its general appearance and greatly surprised with the vast amount of shipping here. We saw forty or fifty large steamers, and the docks were laden with merchandise, and the canals with craft of every kind. The bridges were massive and wonderful in their construction, and there were many of them. After lunch we took the 2.03 P. M. train for Antwerp, but did not stop, and pushed on to Brussels.

Brussels.

On our way hither, as we entered Antwerp, we saw on one side very extensive and wonderful fortifications. There were earthworks, with three stone arched gateways. The railway was elevated above the city, and the stone pillars and railings were so massive and wonderful as to elicit much comment as to their cost. We reached the city about 6 P. M., and were immediately driven to the hotel. After a night's rest we paid a visit to the cathedral in the morning. As there was a service being held here in one of the chapels, we dropped into one of the first chairs we saw, to wait and rest till its close. We were soon requested to rise, and when the chairs had been turned about, were told that we might sit again. These chairs were then so placed that we faced the Virgin, instead of having our backs toward her. We wished to see some very wonderful wood carvings here, but the service was so very long

that we had to leave without accomplishing our object. We took a carriage then, and drove to the Hotel de Ville. This hotel is in the gothic style, and is very imposing in its architecture. We drove quite a little distance, and alighted at the Palais de Justice. This is the largest building in the world, covering 270,000 square feet, and it cost ten millions of dollars. It is built of white marble, and after the style of Grecian architecture; it was paid for by the nation; the interior is very rich and grand, and its halls of justice are on a large scale; the walls, floors, stairs and ceilings are all of marble, and at the head of the stairs, as a symbol of justice, is a figure of Solomon, with two females, one on either side, both claiming the child, which one holds. We saw the palace of the Duke of Alva, now the residence of the brother of King Leopold, and also the Royal Palace,

The Bourse is still another very large and elegant building, in classic style. We visited the Palais of the Nations, and saw the halls where the deputies and senators meet; we went into the Notre Dame and saw the Martyr's Monument; also the garden connected with the palace; the Mannikin Fountain, the Place du Congress, and a park containing a Doric column, the base adorned with nine figures in relief, erected to commemorate the Congress of June 1831, which founded the Kingdom of Belgium. The place is enclosed with stone columns, each cut differently, and each representing the different provinces of the country and their industrial trades.

After lunch we took a train to Braine L'Allend, and from there drove in a wagonette to the battlefield of Waterloo; we passed the Lion's Mound, where five hundred of the killed are buried; saw where the English, French and Russians were stationed; visited the Honghomount farm, the door of the house still indicating the resistance it presented to

the bullets with which it was riddled, and were shown the parts, all through the house, where the bullets had lodged. The chapel was shown us, in this connection, and the fact dwelt upon, that this was unharmed. The ravine into which the French marched to their death, is still pointed out, and the bloody field, so-called, has never been cultivated to the present day; we spent the whole afternoon on this excursion, but were well paid for the time consumed.

We attended on Sunday, August 13th, the Scotch Church. The sermon was from Joel 14:4. He spoke of Joel as the first evangelist, the first three chapters of the book showing his preparation therefor resulting from his experiences with his unfaithful wife; the key to the whole of the book was lack of knowledge on the part of Israel. Joel brought his wife back from the lowest depths, so we are bought with a price. The prophets of old always appealed to a nation, but Christ taught us to appeal to individuals, and so Joel, who had never seen Christ, seemed to have foreseen him, and so became an evangelist. Joel did not receive his call through dreams and visions, but through an experience; Love cannot, however, *make* an individual seek redemption, so many reject it—and when love fails there is hell.

The next morning, after going to the Bourse and post-office, we took a car for the Wertz Museum, where was a strange and most peculiar collection of paintings. We did not tarry long, for it seemed as if the painter had portrayed the horrid and repulsive phases of life rather than the good and beautiful. As an example of the character of these paintings, was one—"Napoleon in Hell," with those whom he had wronged on earth holding up their grievances before him. Another, a man just emerging from a coffin, having pried off the lid in his agony. We went from here to the Palace of

Fine Arts, a beautiful building, with a fine collection of paintings and statuary. At 1 P. M. we left for Paris.

Paris.

August 14th, the ride was very dusty and hot, with a visit from the custom-house officials on the frontier. We passed through a seemingly fertile country, and as we neared and entered France, the scenery was picturesque and lovely. Hedges divided the fields; the trees were trimmed low; and the thatched-roofed houses numerous and attractive.

On the afternoon of the 15th my friend and I took a ride on the top of a bus, to get our first glimpse of the city. The climbing up the spiral staircase with the bus in motion was attended with such consequences that I did not care to repeat it for a long time after. I was so nearly thrown off my balance by the sudden lurch of the bus, that either I or my belongings had to go over into the street, and so I loosened my hold on my guide-book, and the loose leaves containing notes by the wayside, were scattered in all directions. I tried inwardly to be reconciled to my loss, but happily it was restored to me by a passing bicyclist, who dismounted, gathered up the fragments, motioned to the bus to stop and restored to me my guide-book, much marred, and still bearing traces of the soil of the Champs Elysees.

Our ride was a success, however, after we got fully accustomed to our aerial point of observation, and we saw the Louvre, the Arche de Triomphe, with the full length of the Champs Elysees, and then went into the Trocadero and wandered about in the buildings of the old Exposition, and watched the erection of the many new ones. The entrance was a col-

lonade of great extent, swelling in the center in the form of a semi-circle, then widening out for a long distance on either side; the view from here was fine and we lingered for a long time, taking refreshments at one of the small tables.

The grounds when laid out and complete will or must be very attractive and I could form some idea of the beauty in store for the visitors to Paris in 1900.

The seven bridges over the Seine are fine; the Pantheon here is a very perfect representation of the original at Rome and here is where Victor Hugo was buried; we stood long under the central dome of the Arch of Triumph, for the view in four different directions is fine from here; there is so much to be seen in this city, that one can hardly enumerate the buildings of interest, the parks and boulevards; we visited the Louvre and saw the two obelisks, one marking the spot where the guillotine was erected during the French Revolution, and where Murat, Charlotte Corday, Robespierre and others were sacrificed; we have been as far as the Bastiles and passed the famous Hotel de Ville and Statue of Joan of Arc; we sailed upon the river Seine, stopping at the Jardins des Plants, taking a carriage from there to the Pantheon and Notre Dame; the paintings in the Pantheon were fine; Notre Dame was massive and grand and the columns in the interior immense in size; we visited the Luxembourg Gallery, the sculptures here were very fine indeed, and I enjoyed them as well as any I had seen; Pervis de Chavannes had many paintings here, the coloring of which were very peculiar, but I am not sure but that they would grow upon a person, so that they would like them; he is considered by some as a great, if not one of the greatest painters, and some of his work is in the Boston Library: Job, by Leoni Bonnet, interested me; Les Fonrs, by Bastian Le Paige; the Reconnoitre of Faust and Marga-

rite by Tissot, and The Baptism by Renard were also interesting; the statue of Joan of Arc, by Chaper, was fine.

One afternoon we took the train for Versailles and under the impulse of the moment, and a suggestion from the guide-book, rode upon the top of the train; it was an experience we did not care to repeat; a bus from the station took us directly to the palace; it was an immense structure and the interior was filled with a most wonderful collection of historical paintings; battles scenes prevailed, but there were others of note and many, many statues; the rooms were all very large till we came to those of Marie Antoinette, and this suite seemed very small, though cosy; the gardens on the three sides are very extensive and beautiful and the views from some of the balconies of the fountains, and in the distance the canal, with the woods on either side, is hard to describe; we took our way from the palace through the woods to the Great and Little Trianons; to the latter Marie Antoinette, when tired of Court life, used to come, in her straw-hat and muslin dress, to cultivate her flowers and play at being daisy maid and shepherdess; we saw many of the Court carriages, and looked back on this trip, as one fraught with pleasure and interest; after a stroll along the Rue Rivoli, and a vist to the shops, Aug. 19, we spent much time in the gallery of the Louvre; the Coronation of Josephine by David, The Happy Family, by Murillo, Christ on the Cross by Reubens, and The Immaculate Conception, by Murillo, interested me; the original statue Venus de Milo is very beautiful, though lacking the arms; the paintings of Messonier are among the choicest of the modern ones. We drove for an hour, the whole length of the Champs Elysees, and it was to me a long-remembered ride—one continuous scene of beauty greeting the eyes its entire length,

Sunday. August 20th, we attended services at the Ameri-

can Church, hearing a most interesting sermon from Psalm 84: 11; Rev. Mr. Nason from Philadelphia, preached, Rev. Mr. Thurber being away on his vacation; after commenting on the sun as the object which all the ancient nations worshiped, he raised the query, why this was; his answer was they worshiped what they saw; it was the source of all power, and it was natural that what they saw that they were dependent upon for heat, for life, for wind and wave, they intuitively worshiped; then came the scientists and told us that the sun was a nebulous mass, a massive bonfire; before this, however, the children of Israel were forbidden to worship the sun; men then said, if we cannot worship the sun, which we can see we will worship nothing; we cannot see God; then the question came, Can we really see the sun? We can see the power of the sun in everything, but are blinded if we try to see the sun itself; God is the sun, the source of all life, power and order; God is in everything and in all our ways; why can we not believe that not one sparrow falleth to the ground without His knowledge or that the very hairs of our head are all numbered, when as with the solar system, even the minutest planet is held in place by the sun, and there is not the slightest variation from the fixed laws that regulate that system? The sun is in every rainbow, in every breeze that wafts the air, in the thunder and lightning, in the compressed forces of the air, in light, in motion, in vegetation, in fruitage, in the coloring of the flowers, in the smiles reflected back to us from our friend's faces, in the limpid and pure atmosphere, so God is in everything; if we say that we love God and live in darkness, we lie, for where love is there is light and with light comes joy and peace; the nearer we live to God, the more we follow his precepts and illustrate them in our lives, will we reflect his

image in us, and show to the world that the Sun is life or the Lord God is a sun.

After dinner we walked out into the Champs Elysees to get a glimpse of Parisian life on the Lord's Day; the theatre was surrounded with festoons of gas jets and a play was attracting crowds within its doors, the cafes were bright within and the tables, way out onto the sidewalk, filled with merry groups; music filled the air, and it seemed like some festive occasion; the next morning we went out to the Church of the Madeline; the interior was different from any I had seen; there were porticos every little way, with statues or tombs therein, and the arrangement of the statuary and paintings at the end of the church was in quite good taste compared with some others we had seen; the outside is quite like the Pantheon; this is the fashionable church.

In the afternoon we visited the Tomb of Napolean and Hotel des Invalides; the tomb is on a most magnificent scale; the exterior has a dome, beautifully gilded, while the interior is of white marble, with five or six steps leading down to the circular enclosure right under the dome; from the marble balustrade surrounding this, you could look down upon the sarcophagus, of red marble, massives huge and highly polished, which marks the spot where the body of Napoleon rests; there are a dozen female statues, with wings and recesses in which are marble symbolic figures, while soiled and tattered flags float from six receptacles or posts, each holding eight in number; in the building or tombs there is an altar on one side with four twisted columns of black and white marble with a canopy over it surmounted with Christ upon the cross; in four different niches there are tombs probably of some of the Napoleon family; we went into the chapel, back of the Tomb, where the invalid soldiers worship. Here were hundreds of

flags; we wandered through the Hotel des Invalides and then made our way to the Hotel de Paris, 67 Avenue Danton. We left this hotel at 6.52, taking the train for Havre, from which point we were to cross the English Channel to Southampton.

The Isle of Wight.

We crossed the English Channel, from Havre to Southampton, spending a very uncomfortable night on a crowded steamer, succumbing to the inevitable sea-sickness that very few escape. At early morn we went on deck and were interested in the shipping and entrance to this foreign port; after breakfasting at the Pier Hotel, we embarked on the steamer Lorna Doone, for Ryde; after luncheon and a rest we took a lovely drive out to Arreton, to the church which the Dairyman's Daughter attended, and saw her grave and her home. The island measures only 13 miles from north to south and about 23 miles from east to west, so that in our drive we got quite a good view of the whole island; the roads were excellent and as we had an Englishman for a driver who had spent some years in our own country, he took great pains to point out to us every thing of interest; there were fertile fields, though the lack of rain gave them a parched and dry appearance, wooded sections and a chalky formation which was quite new to us; in driving over the Downs we had a fine view of Osborn House; on our return we passed some lovely residences; one of the hedges among the many I noticed, was of *red fuchsias*, and there was a blush rose intertwined on the houses with the English ivy, the effect being very charming. From this time on we saw the hedges dividing the farmer's possessions and it was always a very attractive feature of each and every landscape. As I was sitting in the parlor of the hotel, I heard

the clank of hoofs outside and went to the window just in time to see the carriage and out-riders of the Queen; she was taking her afternoon drive. I did not have a view of her Majesty, but only of the carriage drawn by six gray horses, in passing. At Ryde's there is a wonderful pier, 2250 feet long, and an esplanade 1200 feet along the sea wall. The effect at night of the many colored lights along this pier is very beautiful. We went out into the park, sitting ever and anon on the settees facing the sea. The breezes wafted to us were cool and invigorating and the charm greatly enhanced by delicious strains of music from a band. The following morning Aug. 23, we left the Isle for Southampton, but carried away with us a most delightful impression of this place. The morning was fine, and the sail on the steamer very enjoyable. Osborn House came into view and the Castle adjoining leased by our own Mrs. Drexel. We stopped at Cowes and here in the harbor was the Queen's yacht and also her warship at anchor; we went from one side of the steamer to the other, there was so much to interest us, and one can hardly imagine, unless they have experienced it, how peculiar and yet gladsome it seemed to hear once again our own language spoken. We took the train for London about 11 a.m. reaching the wonderful city about 1.20 p. m. On our way to Russell Square we saw some royal equipages, with coachmen and footmen in Court livery.

London.

Our first attempt at sight-seeing was in a bus to Piccadilly, Regent and Victoria Streets. In the latter is the famous Army and Navy store, which we visited, and Regent Street is filled with fine shops. The afternoon found us in Westminster

Abbey, the place my dear mother had always longed to visit, and her sweet memory enveloped me and lent a sad, sweet interest to all its strangely fascinating and historic surroundings, the only national place of sepulture in the world; this magnificent Gothic Church is the only spot whose monuments epitomize a national history. As we entered the Abbey in the main aisle (or nave), we passed over the slab in the floor marking Gladstone's grave. On the sides against the wall are monuments to England's illustrious men—soldiers, officers, heroes and statesmen; then you come to the Poet's Corner, where in the south transept we find the names of Chaucer, Spenser, Addison, Campbell, Longfellow, Browning and very many others; with a guide we passed through an iron gate into the enclosure set apart for kings and queens. The tombs of Edward the Confessor, Edward I and III, Henry V and VII, Elizabeth and Mary Queen of Scots are only a few of the long lines of royal kings and queens, whose memories are perpetuated in marble carvings of varied and wonderful designs.

The next morning found us on our way to the celebrated Tower of London. It is thought by some that a fortress was commenced on this spot by Julius Cæsar, but though this is not definitely affirmed, it is known that in 1066, William the Conqueror constructed such an one and that he erected the White Tower twelve years after this. After entering the gates, which were guarded by soldiers, we crossed the moat. Here the officer scanned us thoroughly and requested us to remove even our chatelaine bags and leave them at the entrance. Afterwards I saw a man with a kodak, which he must have smuggled in, trying to get a snap shot at a company of English soldiers who were drilling, but he was evidently approached by the officer on guard and reproved for his audacity. The White Tower is near the center of the fortress, and surmount-

ed by four turrets ; the fortress looks like a small military town with its barracks, store houses, sheds, buildings and large guns, batteries and armories. The whole area consists of twelve acres. Ascending the stairs, we saw all kinds of guns and implements of war and also the instruments of torture used in former centuries. Among these were the neck band, the stocks, the grills, for neck, arms and legs, and the stretchers, capable of literally tearing the body apart. On the floor above were various kinds of armors for men and horses used in the 13th, 14th, 15th and 16th centuries ; those actually worn by Henry the VII, Charles I, and Henry VIII interested me greatly ; some were beautifully engraved, some fluted and all were very handsome ; there were also German armors, some of which were made of a kind of wooden fibre lined with metal ; across the yard was the building where so many noted persons were confined, among them being Lady Jane Grey, and here we saw many insignia cut by them in the stone walls during their confinement. In the yard was the spot marked where the scaffold was erected on which Anne Boleyn, Catharine of Arragon and Lady Jane Grey were executed ; in the White Tower we saw also the Crown Jewels ; the crown of Victoria, of the Prince Consort and of Edward the 1st were the most noticeable, but the glitter of innumerable gems seemed but to intensify the remembrance of the terrible tragedies enacted in former times within these same walls.

Our afternoon was spent in a visit to the South African Exhibition. This was quite like an exposition, as there were many buildings filled with all sorts of exhibits, from Australia and Victoria land. There were frozen fruits, grain, meat and woods indigenous to these climes. There were also woods and ores, some of the nuggets of gold representing large sums. This exhibition, I suppose, was mainly to advertise the different

mines, and so the methods of working claims were here illustrated and the art of wood turning. There was a lake in the center of the enclosure, with pagodas in which were stationed three bands, each discoursing music alternately. Boats in the form of swans were plying across the water, flowers of every hue were blooming hereabouts, and with small buildings where you could purchase all sorts of oriental articles, the whole scene made a very pleasing and fantastic picture. In connection with this there was an entertainment, giving a glimpse of real life in South Africa. First there were brought before us the trained animals; the horses went through a series of evolutions, dancing to music in the figure of a cotillion and waltzing with the different steps in such perfection as to make one wonder at their knowledge; next came the trained elephants and these so skillfully obeyed the word of their trainer as to make it seem as if they must surely think as well as hear; they left the stage, bearing the body of their trainer carefully on their trunks, one the head the other the feet, he having been shot and apparently killed. A battle between 40 or 50 native South Africans and the white men ensued, which was very realistic. The Africans fought under cover on the mountain, but when overpowered, dropped from the heights into the water below, and swimming to the shore, if able from their wounds to make any headway. The oxen and wagons fording the stream gave us a glimpse of the real life in that far-off country. We then visited the krawls of these same natives. They were built of clay and mud, with no opening for smoke or fires, as their fires are built outside. There was not an article of furniture inside, but in this rude way they live and seem to be happy after their fashion.

August 26th, my friend and I visited the Soule Collection of Curiosities and Paintings. This collection is in a house and

is a most remarkable one. It is just as the owner left it, and contains many paintings by Turner, Hobart and others, rare manuscripts and coins, pottery and sarcophagi, gems, etc. The divisions between the different rooms are so arranged as to open like doors, the interior disclosing one set after another, and each hung with paintings. Among the rare manuscripts was one in Tasso's own hand writing.

We visited the House of Parliament in the afternoon. This immense structure, so beautiful to gaze upon from without, surprises you when you enter and pass through, with its seeming lack of spaciousness. Neither the House of Lords or House of Commons seem large. The House of Lords is very handsome, while the House of Commons seems quite plain and simple. The fact is, that there are not nearly seats enough for its members, and were the whole constituency present many would have to stand. There are lobbies for each, and halls hung with paintings. We went into the ancient Westminster Hall, where in the olden times were held the Royal revels at Christmas and where the great State trials took place. Here Cromwell was inaugurated as Lord Protector, and Charles I was condemned to death. A sail on the Thames, as far as Greenwich, finished our sight-seeing for the day. We went under the famous London Bridge and had a fine view of many of the handsome and massive buildings and also gained a good idea of the shipping interest on the Thames.

Sunday morning found us on our way to the City Temple, Dr. Parker's Church. Rev. J. H. Jowitt, from Birmingham, preached. His text was from Cor. 15: 55th to the 58th verses, and the first clause of the 16th chapter. "Now concerning the collection." He commenced by asking the question whether these two themes seemed incongruous, and then went on to prove that one was a direct result of the other, or

in other words that beneficence flowed when the ground of our belief was in the resurrection of Christ, and could not flow when there were no springs in the hills, the fountain-head. He added, that as there was not the tiniest bit of glass imbedded in the earth, but what could reflect the beauties of the sun's rays, so there was not the lowliest duty preformed, but reflects the light and loveliness of the risen Saviour. There is a natural dread of death, and every one, high and low, instinctively shrinks from it. No one can escape its resistless grasp. Christ rose and burst its fetters and in Him is the spring, the source of the river of life, that robs death of its sting and the grave of its victory. He criticised Robert Elsmere as trying to evolve beneficence without a river. He read what he called a classical extract from John Wesley and said Methodism commenced when his heart began to warm towards the Lord, and that all missionary societies sprung up after his life-work was done. He gave his life to beneficent works and so concerning the collection was a fit result of the belief in the resurrection. The Church was a large one, the day very warm and yet there was not a vacant seat in either the body of the church or the six tiers of seats in the gallery, and every one on entering was handed the order of exercises and a hymn-book. The choir was a large one, with four solo singers, an organ, two violins and a cornet, and everyone in the assembly joined heartily in the singing of the hymns and in the responsive service, and so close was the attention given to the preacher, that a pin drop could have been heard. His evening text was "If Christ be not risen," 1 Cor. 15:14. Our faith was sometimes strengthened by considering the negative side of a truth. He emphasized belief, in contrast to mere opinions. They were like the difference between a burning fire and a pail of coal. An opinion would not change any more than the pail of

coal the temperature, but a belief was like a burning fire. If he and his friend each had conservatories, but his friend was piped for heating and his was not, they could both grow flowers and fruit during the summer time, but when the winter came his would show the need of heat. Those who really believed in their lives manifested to the world their ability to show forbearance in Gethsemane and forgiveness on Calvary. His next point was that when these moral and spiritual virtues were thus exemplified such persons were believing a delusion if Christ were not risen. Death was called by the Psalmist, a shadow, but Christ called it a sleep. It was but the entrance into life. The widow feels confident that she will meet her partner in life on the other side, the prodigal rejoices in a new heart, and this aged pilgrim dies, saying, I know that my Redeemer liveth. Do these all believe a delusion? If Christ lives, we live in him and nothing is impossible for us. Let us open our hearts to him and live in him and we shall *know* that we are his. He spoke of his visit to Loch Lomond and said as he looked, it seemed to him to be land-locked and as if he could walk round it in a short time. He stooped down, however, and picked up some seaweed. By this, he knew that it opened into the sea, and this was like death opening out into the wider and fresher life. He said a swallow returns each year, upon a certain day to build her nest in the old place, but leaves with equal regularity, to go South. How does she know that there is a South? Instinct we say tells her and it is no delusion. If we *believe* that Christ is risen from the dead, then shall we know, and shall believe no delusion.

Monday morning we paid a visit to the Bank of England. This irregular structure covers four acres and within its walls nine hundred persons are employed. The afternoon found us in the National Gallery, where one room is filled with Turner's

paintings and where in the others, I admired so much Sir Edward Landseer's and Sir Joshua Reynolds' pictures of animals. The British Museum was but a little ways from Russell Square and we could walk there in a few minutes. On our first visit we saw famous marble columns and statues from the far East. The Ionic columns and friezes from the Temple of Diana interested me greatly. The mausoleums were wonderful, and the famous Rosetta stone, the key to all ancient inscriptions. We spent an hour or two in the afternoon, at Madame Tussaud's wax works, but were quite disappointed.

Aug. 30th, we had to bid adieu to one of our party, as he took the train for Liverpool, sailing for home at 5 p.m. on the steamer Germanic. After being housed with a severe cold, I ventured out on Sept. 2nd, into the British Museum for a little time, and saw a great many mummies wrapped as I had never seen before. In one room was everything pertaining to the Buddhist, the Shintoo and the Jean worship, and here I tarried quite a while. In the Library were original charts, illuminated books, public documents and very many ancient royal signatures. In one case was a set of chessmen, the oldest in the world, dating back to 700 A.D. Sept 3rd, we attended the City Temple and heard the Rev. J. G. Greenhough of Leicester, preach from Lam. 3: 26.

In the afternoon we attended service at St. Paul's Cathedral, the third in size in the world. On the outside (the effect of the London smoke) it looks dull and grimy. It was thirty-five years in building and the height from the street to the top of the cross is 404 feet. The interior is rich and handsome. The singing by the boy choir was very fine, but we lost much of the sermon, preached by the Rev. H. S. Holland, from Acts 2:42, on account of the many echoes. On the sides of the church are many tombs, one to Major Chinese Gordon. In

front of the church within the enclosure stands the statue of Queen Anne, in whose reign, 1710, the Cathedral was completed.

Sept. 4th, we took the train for Hampton Court, a ride of about thirteen miles. Here was where Cardinal Woolsey and Oliver Cromwell lived, but it is now occupied by pensioners of the crown. It is most beautifully located and the grounds are very extensive and beautifully laid out. We went to see the famous grape vine planted in the time of George the III. It is 131 years old and is trained under glass, covering a large space. Fine clusters of ripe, luscious grapes hung in great profusion, and we longed to taste but one, but they were all reserved for the Queen. Entering this once famous palace we saw many of the State rooms, and the view from the windows was just charming. In one of the rooms were many of Titian's and Tintoretti's paintings. We drove from there through Bushy Park, where were hundreds of deer, all protected, for the parks are owned by the Queen, and thrown open to her subjects. The deer seemed to be very tame, one of them eating out of my hand. Our ride was continued through Kensington, through Richmond Park, to the famous Botanical Gardens and Conservatories at Kew. These gardens cover 75 acres and the parks or pleasure grounds 270 acres more. The great Palm House is 362 feet long, 100 broad and 66 high, while the Temperate House is nearly as large. On our way back to the city we passed the famous Star and Garter Hotel. A visit to the South Kensington Museum revealed a fine display of ancient marbles, carved woods, pieces of furniture of the fifteenth, sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, fine stained glass, china and wares of all kinds, as well as various paintings.

Sept. 6th, we went to the Tate Museum, where there were

many pictures of great merit. This building is charmingly located, overlooking the Thames, and is of itself quite a work of art. We took a cab home and drove through a most terrific thunder storm. The next afternoon we visited the Zoological Gardens. We dined at the Holborn Restaurant. The Holborn is a veritable palace, with grill rooms, waiting and drawing rooms, and here many come in full dress, ready to go to the Opera. The band discoursed pleasant music and for our benefit played many of our National airs, which we were not slow in applauding.

Sept. 9th, we paid a visit to the Guildhall, where the annual Lord Mayor's dinner takes place. We saw Gog and Magog, the carved wooden images, which were formerly carried about in the Lord Mayor's procession. They were carved in 1708. We wandered through "Cheapside" on emerging from the hall, but do not understand the significance of the name, as the shops seemed to be of a high grade, for the most part, and the prices as high as in other localities. At the Marylebone church we heard Dr. Newman Hall preach from Heb. 12:1.

The next day we went in the cars about eight miles to Sydenham, to visit the Crystal Palace. Here is a series of entertainments every day during the year. There is also a fine display of machinery and exhibits of all kinds. I was particularly interested in what might be called a side show, for there was an extra charge. It was a collection of ants, some colonies of them being exhibited. Through powerful magnifying glasses they could be seen to advantage, their workings bordering on the marvellous. There was the queen, and her will was undisputed. Armies or colonies of them seemed to be put to death at her will, and their place of burial was a mound in one corner of their section. On Sept. 12th, we left London for a trip of the British Isles.

The British Isles.

At 11 a.m. we left on the Great Eastern Railway, for Cambridge, arriving there in time for the luncheon. The Hotel Bull was not far from King's College, to which we strolled soon after getting settled. This is only one of the seventeen Colleges, built in the Gothic style, the Chapel being furnished with buttresses and with very fine carvings. The interior has a wonderful ceiling, carved oak paneling, lovely stained glass windows and an organ in the middle of the church, which strikes one as very peculiar. An iron gate and wall separates Clare College. Here the buildings are less artistic, but the grounds are even handsomer. There is a long walk leading down to the river, with trees overarching it its whole length. Looking up and down the river Cam, from one of the many bridges spanning the stream, the view is charming. The oldest of the colleges, I believe, is Trinity, and this one we found covered with English ivy, and built in the form of a castle with its battlements. The Prince of Wales was educated here, and I think had his home with the Dean of the College.

Here are parks, avenues, fountains and courts, and the whole aspect is very attractive. After wandering about a little, we took a boat and rowed up and down the river, passing under nine rustic bridges and as the bank on one side was turfed down to the stone facing and the English ivy and vines on the other trailed in the water; it was as lovely and picturesque a scene as could ever be imagined. Our next point of view was the great Cathedral at Ely. It is the longest Gothic Church in Europe. It was commenced in the 11th century. The Gallilee Porch was completed in the 12th cen-

tury and the Norman choir in the 13th. No part was built in later than the 14th century, and there are all periods of Gothic architecture here represented from the early Norman, pure English decorated, down to the perpendicular. The carvings of stone in the Lady Chapel are very fine, but everywhere are niches, from which the images have been torn down and destroyed, and all the heads of figures remaining have been knocked off since the Reformation. The paintings on the ceiling of the nave give the story of the Creation.

Lincoln.

We took the train for Lincoln, arriving there about 2.30 p.m. and drove immediately to the Cathedral. It is very different from the Ely Church, and from the outside does not seem near as imposing. Different portions were built from the 11th to the 15th century. The Angel Choir is one mass of tracery in stone. The stained glass is from the 13th century and the rose window is very beautiful. The Cloisters date back to the same century, and there is a chapel in which is a chair used by the early Edwards. Excavations have been made and an old Roman mile-post unearthed, that was buried eight feet deep. Queen Eleanor is buried here, the one for whom crosses were erected all along the way, as her body was borne hither. Just in sight of the Cathedral was the Newport Gate, a fine remnant of the Roman architecture. We went up into the old tower and into the castle, to the top of the Roman wall, which is wonderfully preserved. Down through a hole in the floor, prisoners were let down into the prison. Everywhere was noticeable the same abhorrence of images. At Lincoln we saw many very old buildings, and the signs in front of inns, we

had read about so often. We reached our third cathedral-town, York, late in the evening.

York.

Sept. 13th, we stopped at the "Black Swan," and no one could mistake the place, as the "swan" swung on hinges above the door. The cathedral here covers two and a half acres of ground, and was two centuries and a half in building. It has the largest stained glass window in the world. It was built over two churches, the Saxon of the 7th century and Norman of the 11th, while the perpendicular is of the 13th century. Down in the crypt, you can see the columns of the old church cut off. There are also some of the old foundation-stones of the 7th century, and also some of the old Norman. Many old buildings interested us on our way to the Cathedral, one house bearing the date 1410. We took a drive around the city after luncheon and saw the Lord Mayor's house, the cattle market, the old walls and gate of the city, and very many objects of interest. We got out at the Gardens of the Yorkshire Philosophical Society, and spent a long time wandering through these extensive gardens, beautiful in themselves, but specially interesting as they contain the ruins of the Abbey of St. Mary. This was my first near view of a ruin, and as its broken arches, draped with the clinging English ivy, burst upon my view, I exclaimed that in this was my ideal realized. The Abbey must have covered an immense area, been colossal in structure and transcendent in beauty. These grounds also contained the ruins of a castle and also of a hospital. The Abbey was built in the 11th century. Clifford's Tower, where five hundred Jews were imprisoned, we saw on our drive. These Jews destroyed

themselves by immolation rather than submit to a blood-thirsty mob. This took place in 1190.

Durham.

This was our next stopping place, but when we reached there the rain was falling in torrents, so we took carriage direct to the Cathedral. This, as well as the Castle, another point of interest, was located on the crown of a high hill. The Cathedral belongs to the 11th century, and is mostly pure Norman work. The carvings are what they call dog-toothed, and the piers or columns short and massive with ornamentations of zigzagged and latticed designs. The rain continuing, we were prevented from visiting the castle, and so we took the train for Melrose.

Melrose.

This place we reached a little before 8 o'clock, stopping at the Melrose Abbey Hotel. A cheerful fire was burning in the parlor grate, and after dinner we gathered here, with pleasant English people, enjoying both the warmth and cheer. The rain suddenly ceased, and one of the ladies raised the curtain, calling attention to the beautiful moonlight. It was my first view of Melrose Abbey. If one could ever picture a more lovely scene, I have failed to see or know of it. I went up to my room and there looked out upon the five arches of the Abbey forming a collonade, the tops covered with soil and overgrown with tall grass. Pinnacles rise from the main roof; there were flying buttresses, and surmounting all, a broad section of stone-work, with three openings, the whole

overgrown with ivy. The moon was shining brightly and when I retired, I raised my curtain so that many times during the night, when I was wakened, I could take in this view from my bed. The early morning found me within the Abbey grounds, and though much is really gone, still much remains and the carvings have been wonderfully preserved. I saw the famous kneeling stone, where Sir Walter Scott sat when he wrote "The Lay of the Last Minstrel"; and the carvings in the cloister, no two of which are alike, all of which are as perfect as if fresh from the sculptors's hand.

There are no two arches alike in the Ahbey, no two windows the same, and yet all form one harmonious whole. In one of the windows, at a certain angle, you can see three crosses, representing Calvary. The keystone of one of the arches is the head of Christ. At one point, the guide shows you a perfect hand holding flowers, and the stone carving represents the various grains and cereals of the country.

You can see the stairs leading up to the choirs or corridors, where the processions of monks chanted, and also the opening through which these same moaks fled in time of danger, and through which they could go to the Tweed for water. Here are also the graves of Alexander II of Scotland, and several of the Earls of Douglas. The heart of King Robert Bruce is said to have been placed before the high altar. One visit to this Abbey did not suffice for me, for it seemed to exert over me a strange and powerful fascination. A grave yard surrounded it on two sides, and there were here some very old stones and some very peculiar epitaphs. We drove in an open coach to Abbotsford, the home of Sir Walter Scott. It is a drive of about three miles. The air was crisp and cool, the party a very pleasant one, and the country through which we passed very charming. There were several little villages or

hamlets, with the village kirk, surrounded by low houses built of stone, one and a half stories high, with red-tiled roofs and vines running over them. In the yard in front were varieties of flowers carefully cultivated and trained on the houses with the vines, the same blush rose I had seen in England. These villages dotting the landscape with hill and dale, made a very pretty picture. At last, gleaming through the trees, we caught sight of the river Tweed, which winds in and out through the grounds at Abbotsford, and in a few moments we were at the entrance. After quite a walk, we gained entrance, and were met by a typical old Scotchman, who gave us much attention and conducted us through the various rooms of this stately mansion. The ceiling of the library is of hard wood, richly carved, the designs being drawn by Sir Walter, and taken from the Abbey. There are many portraits on the walls, one of his oldest son, in uniform. Here also are many rare curios. In the Armory, the walls are hung with swords, spurs, guns, pistols, powder flasks and weapons of all kinds. In the drawing-room are cabinets, water-colors and portraits of noted people. In his study are his writing table and chair, many of his books, and there is a staircase leading to a little upper-room, to which he could retire when weary, without disturbing the members of his family. Our ride back to the hotel was uneventful.

A gentleman had said to me at Melrose, I think "Edinburg is the most beautiful city in the world." While I could not say this, I do say that it is most delightfully located, and that the view from my window at the Royal McGregor hotel, I would like to see reproduced, and think it would compare favorably with any landscape I have ever seen on canvas. Sunday morning we drove to what was pointed out to us as John Knox's Church, but upon being told that he never preach-

ed in it, so we made our way to St. Andrew's, passing John Knox's house on the way. We heard quite an interesting sermon from Matt. 16:18. At the conclusion of the service we went into St. Giles Cathedral, where John Knox really did preach, and saw the spot from which the stool was hurled at his head by Jenny Geddes. There was a fine organ here and we heard a little of the service. The weather during the afternoon was so fickle that we did not venture out.

Holyrood Palace.

Monday, Sept. 18th was a holiday, and all the shops and restaurants were closed. We rode to Holyrood Palace and saw the rooms occupied by Lord Darnley and Mary Queen of Scots. A dark stairway leads to Mary's rooms, most of which are small and very plainly furnished. Here is preserved her bed, dressing and audience rooms. Her private dining room is shown where Rizzio was dragged from the table and murdered in the hall. A private special staircase leads to some of these rooms.

The old Royal Chapel is the best preserved part of the Abbey and this was to me full of interest. It is roofless, but many broken columns still stand. A beautiful door and window and many finely chiselled fragments remain to suggest its former glory and beauty. The floor consists of the tombstones of some of the old Scottish nobility, and here Darnley sleeps. How many royal marriages and coronations have taken place within these walls and what pageants could the walls speak might they reveal? We next visited Edinburgh Castle, from which is a most magnificent view of the city. The castle is a strong natural fortress, built upon a great ba-

saltic rock, 383 ft. above sea level. It is now used as barracks for soldiers. We passed over the moat and saw the prison where so many noble men were formerly incarcerated. Near the entrance was the famous cannon "Mous Meg," used in 1497, at the seige of Norham Castle, restored to the castle from London Tower through the petition of Sir Walter Scott in 1829. We passed to the ramparts, and heard the Scotch bagpipes and bugle calls. In a little room on the ground floor James I of England was born in 1566. In the crown room are kept the regalia of Scotland. We visited the National Gallery in the afternoon and took a ride of about three miles out into the country.

Salisbury Craig.

We drove, Sept. 19, to Salisbury Craig, from which we had a fine view of the German Sea, the river Forth and the towns and villages below in the valley. The scene was a memorable one, the immense precipices or craigs on one side and the lovely fertile valleys on the other. We drove to Calton Hill, which is 355 feet above the level of the sea, and laid out in various walks and covered with several monuments. Lord Nelson's is in form something like a Dutch churn, Burns' is very artistic and the still uncompleted National Monument to the heroes of the battle of Waterloo consists of twelve Doric columns and is called the monument to "Scotland's pride and poverty." Descending the hill we passed the Royal High School and then through High Street, the old part of the city, stopping at the hall of the House of Parliament. The ceiling is of dark carved oak, resting on quaint sculptured corbels that resemble flying buttresses. At one end of the hall is a window, with a picture of James V. founding the College of Justice, and all

around the sides are statues of judges, lawyers and statemen. In the pavement of the Court is the stone marking the burial place of John Knox, and farther on stones arranged in the form of a heart, known as the famous Heart of Midlothian. During our ride we saw the house of Jennie Dean, a character in Scott's novels, and the possessions of a famous Scot whose name I do not recall, who lost all his estates in betting on horses, but who regained them by playing cards. He has planted trees in the form of an ace of clubs. The famous Scott monument is a very fine specimen of florid Gothic work, and cost over \$80,000. On Prince Street is also a statue to Livingstone. Prince street is a broad avenue, one mile long, lined on one side with fine buildings, shops and hotels. On the other, the East and West Princess Street. On this highway are the Royal Institution and the National Gallery. The first is an oblong square Doric temple, with a colossal statue of the Queen over its pediment, the other is an Ionic structure of great beauty.

Stirling Castle.

Late in the afternoon we left here for Stirling, where we spent the night. After breakfast we took a carriage and drove to Stirling Castle. When we reached there a company of the Scotch Highlanders were drilling, as they had just been ordered to the front in South Africa. The regiment to be left at the castle seemed to feel very jealous of those who had been ordered to move on, and in fact the enthusiasm and loyalty of the soldiers everywhere to their Queen was very much in evidence. The view from the walls of the castle is said to be unsurpassed in Great Britain, and as we looked forth upon the mountains and then upon the vales, catching glimpses of

the river Forth, as it wound among the hills, and saw the ruins of an Abbey, the Wallace monument and the Abbey Craig, the Bridge of Allan and field of Bannockburn, we could but exclaim at its loveliness and beauty.

The castle was the birth-place of James II and V, and it was the favorite residence of James IV. You are shown the window through which the lifeless body of William, Earl of Douglas, assassinated by James II, was thrown into the yard below. Mary Queen of Scots lived in this castle, and this was where Parliament used to be held. On our way down from the castle, we looked into the old Grayfriar's Church, within the walls of which James VI was crowned, John Knox preaching the coronation sermon. We took the train for Aberfoyle about 11 a.m. and lunched there on our arrival. From here we drove seven-and-a-half miles in an open coach to Loch Katrine. The scenery was wild but fine all along the way, and the deep gorges of the Trossacks reminded me of the gorges in our own Rockies. The steamer Rob Roy is an open steamer which plies on Loch Katrine. On a hot summer day, it must be perfectly charming on this lake, but the wind blew and the clouds occasionally dropped rain, so that the elements detracted not a little from our pleasure. Notwithstanding all of these drawbacks, the scenery was grand. The mountains on one side were covered with a green moss and on the other with trees and luxuriant verdure. It was so cold and chilly, when we reached the end of the lake, that we felt inclined to spend the night at the hotel here. We finally decided to press on to Inversnaid, and so took places on the coach, well provided with wraps and rubber blankets. The sun shone out brightly for our start, but we had not proceeded far, when a dark cloud overhung us, and mutterings of thunder were heard. All at once the storm broke upon us in great

fury, and a deluge of water seemed let down upon us from the clouds. With umbrellas and blankets, we managed to keep from being drenched, and then the sun appeared as suddenly as it was hidden, and a beautiful rainbow overarched the sky. We spent the night at a very nice hotel, and in the parlor, where a bright fire was burning in the grate, met fellow travelers from New Bedford, with whom we had pleasant converse. In the early morning, I was wakened by the fall of rushing water, and on looking out of my window had a fine view of Loch Lomond, and the hills surrounding it. This did not, however, account for the splashing sound of water, and so I dressed and followed the path up the hill into the woods, across a little rustic bridge, where I stood as if entranced at the sight before me, of the Falls, the scene of Wordsworth's poem of The Highland Girl. The rest of the party were soon on the spot, and here were lovely ferns, flowers and trees, and farther up, it was said, a cave, called Rob Roy's Prison. We had a good appetite for breakfast, and at nine o'clock were ready to take the steamer for a sail of 21 miles on this queen of Scottish lakes. The lake is dotted with many islands and the mountains encircle it, jutting out here and there as headlands, forming inlets of varied outlines and contour, the whole reminding me more of Lake George than of any place I had ever visited. Among our fellow passengers were a Rev. and Mrs. Clark, English people, who had been as Methodist missionaries in South Africa, for 18 years. As Africa was the theme uppermost in most everyone's mind at the time, this chance opportunity of hearing from the lips of residents of that section of the world was improved, and many facts of interest gleaned from the conversation. At Balloch we disembarked and took the train for Glasgow, reaching there in time for luncheon. We paid a visit to the Cathedral in the

afternoon, built in the 12th century. On our way to the city, we had a good view of the Clyde and of the shipbuilding there. Glasgow is a great industrial and commercial center. Its population is more than half a million. Near the Cathedral is the "Necropolis," an ornamental cemetery on a projecting height, approached by the Bridge of Sighs. As you look up from the Cathedral grounds, the view of lofty columns and monuments, the latest being that of John Knox, rising to a great height upon this rocky craig, itself over 300 feet high, is so strangely, peculiar and imposing, that you long to wander through its avenues, with the shrubbery clinging to and imbedded in its rocks, but the rain prevented us from indulging our wishes, and so, with a long gaze from the Cathedral door, we turned our steps toward the carriage and were driven to the hotel. A ride around the city the next morning revealed the Municipal Building in George Square, the Post Office, Bank and a colossal monument to Sir Walter Scott, beside many bronze statues and the equestrian statues of Queen Victoria and Prince Albert. The buildings in process of erection, for the coming Exposition, we had also a good view of. On to Ayr.

Ayr.

Ayr was our next objective point, and on arriving there we drove out to the home and birth-place of Robert Burns. This was a little one story house, the kitchen retaining its old-time appearance. The floor was of stone, and in a niche in the wall on the side of the room was the place for a bed, and it was here where Burns saw the first rays of light. The fireplace remains as it was, and there is a dresser of ye olden-time standing in the room. The original door opening into the

next room is well preserved and also one window. Burns' mother's spinning wheel and reel are here.

We drove to the tomb of Robert Burns, passing on the way, the ruins of the old Kirk, where his parents attended church, and where their tombstone can still be seen. Burns' tomb is in the center of an ornamental garden, and is a very imposing monument. The Bridge of Doon is but a little way off and also the shell grotto. Ayr is very pleasantly located, and its low thatched-roofed cottages looked very attractive and inviting all along the two miles of our drive.

The Irish Sea.

At 6.30 we left on the train for Stranahar, where at 8.30 we were to take the steamer for Larne. The Irish Sea, at best, is very choppy and the passage, though of short duration, tempestuous and greatly dreaded, but the winds had been blowing for days and the skies lowering so that it seemed as if "old boreas" had lashed these waves into such a fury as almost to defy the passage of any craft, however staunch, through her treacherous waters. I had expected a rough passage, but roughness would not begin to convey any idea of the sea we encountered. The steamer was lifted up upon the crest of a wave, only to be almost submerged the next minute in the trough of the sea, and the power of the waves was so great as they dashed and broke on the sides of the boat, and then swept over the decks, as to make one feel as if the cabin would be no barrier to their force at their next onslaught. Eighty minutes of such discomfort was enough to remember for a lifetime. After a ride in the cars of a half an hour, we reached Belfast about 11.15 p.m. A jaunting car was the only con-

veyance available here. The Irish seem to like these modes of conveyance, but I felt as if I should be thrown forward into the street and so begged the driver to walk his horse to prevent such a catastrophe. The hotel was reached at midnight.

Belfast.

Sept. 23rd found us in this second city in Ireland. Upon the principal street was a very fine department store, which we entered. The gentleman in charge treated us with great attention, and showed us some very fine linen, one specimen, having hundreds of different ferns as the designs, and another the fruits of the country. He then sent a boy with us to the top of the building, from which we had a charming view of the city, and then were shown the different rooms where they were weaving rugs, napkins, and making up under-clothing, hundreds being employed in the different industries. We were shown the flax as it grows and all the processes through which it passes, even to the women carding it, and the typical Irish-men weaving it into napkins.

The following day was Sunday, and it rained hard all day. We rode to the Presbyterian Church, and when the minister mounted the pulpit, I thought we were to have a fine sermon. His theme seemed to be that we were to be a peculiar people, and I thought his church met the requirements, for it was a Communion service, and no one was invited to partake, and the symbols were passed only to those occupying the central tier of seats. Such coldness and exclusiveness affected me strangely, and when he told his people to look upon Jesus and they would become like him, I wondered whether the Saviour's invitation was limited to such an exclusive set.

The next morning we took the train for Port Rush, then to the Giant's Causeway, seven miles by electric railway. The scenery all along the shore, after leaving Port Rush, was wild, rocky, but interesting. The Giant's Causeway was disappointing in a way, although one of Nature's prodigies. The formation is of basalt rock, and very peculiar in that the layers are lengthwise, the round stones, each separate, being laid one on top of the other, as if laid by hand. The same conditions exist in Fingal's Cave. One to get the best views, ought to approach the causeway in a boat, but as the weather forbade this in our case, the idea we had formed from the pictures seen, were not realized. At the table we found a Catholic Priest from Pittsburg, who made himself very agreeable, and whom we afterwards found was stopping at the same hotel we were in Belfast. We reached here at nine in the evening, and left the next afternoon for Dublin.

Dublin.

The ride was for 112 miles through a very fertile country, the scenery along the route, being varied and beautiful. Though so late in the fall, Sept. 26th, the grain was not harvested nor the potatoes dug. So little sunshine prevents the crops from maturing.

The next morning after our arrival we sauntered out across the O'Connor bridge to Trinity College. These grounds cover 42 acres, and the library is particularly fine. It contains 300,000 volumes, and some very rare manuscripts. We saw the edition of the four Gospels of the eighth century, beautifully illustrated and wonderfully preserved. They were found hidden in a monastery. We went into the chapel; it was a very interesting place, but seemed rather small to accommodate the

students of a large college. On inquiry I found that the students were not required to attend worship.

The Parliament, or old House of Lords, was an interesting spot, as connected so closely with the history of the past, but the Irish feel deeply their non-representation in the affairs of the kingdom at the present time.

St. Patrick's Cathedral stands on the same site as that formerly occupied by a church built by the celebrated saint. This edifice was built in the 12th century and has been restored by a Dublin brewer, who has spent seven hundred thousand dollars on the work. On our way to this spot, we passed through a narrow alley, where we saw the lowest grade of Irish peasants and met with squalor and filth. The Castle next claimed our attention, and one tower remains just as it has always been. This is called the Wardrobe Tower, and dates back to 1213. The chapel is a fine specimen of the pointed gothic style and the carvings are very rich, having been wrought by a Dublin man, Stewart by name, and his son. The railing of the altar is of bog-oak, and the carvings in this dark wood are very fine. We were shown through the Regal Apartments. This castle covers nearly ten acres, and is now devoted to several public uses.

We rode several miles out in the tram cars to the cemetery, where Charles O'Connor and Charles Stewart Parnell are buried. The shaft or tower over O'Connor's grave is 175 feet high, and a most wonderful piece of masonry. We saw the birth-place of the lyric poet Thomas Moore.

Sept. 28th we took a drive of a couple of hours in Phœnix Park, in a jaunting car. We had no rain while we stayed in Dublin, and so carried away the impression of a very beautiful city. The Park is considered to be the finest in the world. There are 1720 acres in it. It is not more than a half hour's

walk from the center of the city. It consists of a wide expanse of pasture and woodland, and there has been no attempt to improve on nature. The Vice-Regal Lodge, the residence of the Lord Lieutenant, is an unpretentious structure. In the center of the park is the Phoenix monument, and near the entrance a statue to Lord Gough. Near the river is the monument to Wellington, over 200 feet high. When we reached the spot where the murder of Lord Cavendish and Mr. Burke took place in 1882, our car was stopped and we were besieged by pedlers to invest in some appropriate souvenir of this revolting tragedy. At 4:50 p.m. we took the train for Killarney.

Killarney.

This was a ride of four hours, and we did not reach the hotel until late in the evening. The next morning was wet, but between the showers, we strolled out and got a real view of peasant life. We found long narrow lanes, with gutters in the center of the roadway, and low houses on either side of the street. Ducks were wallowing in the dirty water and there were some unwashed children about the doorways. We wandered through one of these localities or streets and found an open door, through which we peered, to see an old woman sitting over the fire. The floor of the room was of mud, and dingy curtains were at the small windows.

We drove in the afternoon to Muckrose Abbey, a fine ruin, over five hundred years old. The stone walls were well preserved, and the stairs, so that we could go into every part of the building. In the old Abbey Church are tombs of many noted Irish families. Vines of every sort were climbing over and through the crevices, so that the walls, chimney, windows

and in fact the whole presented a very picturesque appearance. On the last morning in Sept., we started for a long ride. We entered the estate of Lord Kenmere, and then for the first time got a true and realistic idea of the extent of one of these estates. The Lodge at the entrance is very attractive, and then for miles after, our way led over fine roads, overarched with trees, winding here and there, with large open spaces, well lawned, the deer quietly grazing, rabbits in large numbers hopping about, and pheasants wandering around.

The keeper of the place appeared when we were about to pass out of the estate, and in answer to some comments made by one of the party, expressed himself as well satisfied with his position, saying, with a smile, that he was a number one. The ruins of Aghadoe consist of a broken tower, and two chapels, and from here you get a lovely view of the largest of the lakes. We left the carriage and walked to a glen. I can never think of this walk without a peculiar feeling of awe, at the remembrance of its loveliness. The trees on either side of the stream, while tall and seemingly in the full flush of a vigorous life, had their trunks covered with a green moss. A bridge of stone arches crossed this stream, and vines were drooping at different lengths from its sides to the water, some just trailing in the stream, and for wildness, picturesque freshness and loveliness, I do not know its equal. Ross Castle was next reached, and from the top of its turret, to which we all climbed, was the finest view of the Lakes of Killarney, and the mountains encircling them, we were able to obtain from any point. The castle itself was a most extensive ruin, covered with a very thick growth of ivy, and this was in bloom, which heightened the effect greatly. The stone work of these ruins in Ireland is of a coarser grade than in other countries, but the ivy masses itself over and through the crevices so as

to outline it in most fantastic designs. A ride in the train of about two and one half hours, brought us to Cork.

Cork.

Oct. 1 we attended church in the Protestant Cathedral in this southernmost city of Ireland. The text was "What doth it profit a man, if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" We drove out to Blarney Castle the following morning. This ruin dates back to 1400, and is a very interesting spot. A tower and some of the walls are still standing. We climbed the stairs to the top, but did not kiss the Blarney Stone. The view from the tower is fine. At five the same afternoon we took the train for Thurles, passing through most charming scenery on the water. We found the hotel full, as a Fair was to be held on the following day.

We were awakened early by the lowing of cattle, the bleat of sheep, and the neighing of horses. As we looked out of the window a sight most novel was presented to our view. The main street was broad and long, there seeming to be a castle at each end, on rising ground. During the night or evening before a sort of fence had been placed against the sides of the hotel, and the buildings on either side of the street. As far as we could see in either direction, this wide street was literally filled with cattle of every description:—Pigs, sheep, lamb, cows, oxen, calves and horses were huddled together in groups, each owner seeming to have two or three boys and young men, with long whips, to keep their cattle in place. Buyers from the cities were numerous, and it was interesting to see the motion, as of slapping of the hand, when a sale had been made. Most of the herds were marked, and

their good points were commented upon with much fervor. There were some fine horses for sale and I was much impressed with the respectable appearance of the men from the country who owned these same animals.

The street was cleared about three p.m. but oh! what a filthy place it was! We left for Dublin late in the afternoon and reached that city in the evening. We were to sail for Holyhead the next mornrng about 11, and so took a last stroll through the main street and a last look at its many interesting features.

The scenery as we neared the shore was peculiar, in that there was less of the velvety greens and more of the rocky greys. Our ride to Chester was full of interest, for we went through a portion of Wales. Long stretches of coast were visible and the beeches, though almost deserted at the time (in Oct.) were of so great an extent, and the hotels and cottages so large and numerous, as to give evidence of being the favorite resort of the multitudes during the summer season. The residences all along the route indicated the thrift of the occupants, and so varied was the landscape, with lake and mountain scenery interspersed, as to warrant the expression we often heard, that Wales was a charming and picturesque country. One peculiarity of the houses in Chester is that the second story overhangs the first, and for a few blocks on the main throughfare, flights of steps lead up from the street to the second tier of stores. God's Providence House is still standing, the only house left when Chester was destroyed. These stores are called "The Rows" and all the better shops are on the up-stairs street, there being a continuous covered gallery over it. We went into the old Derby House, over 300 years old. This was where the Earl of Derby was hidden for months, and fed by his servant, who finally betrayed him, and from his

room, which we saw, he was carried through a secret underground passage to the Castle. There he was tried, sentenced and then beheaded. From the street, we ascended a flight of steps to the Roman wall which encircles the city. We walked quite a distance along this wall and were very much interested in the Phœnix Tower, bearing the inscription: King Charles stood on this tower Sept. 24, 1625, and saw his army defeated on Rowton Moor. The gates of these old Roman cities always affect me strangely—they seem to link one so closely with the past and to savor so strongly of military despotism.

Hawarden.

A delightful drive brought us to Hawarden, the residence of the noble Gladstone. His estate is a fine one, and the residence dignified and stately, while at the same time cheery and inviting. It seemed a fitting place in which to develop noble thoughts and originate grand schemes for the betterment of mankind, as well as a place of retirement and seclusion from the ills and worries of a nation. The pew in the church where he worshiped was shown us, and a tablet inscribed as a tribute to his memory. The return drive was through his vast estate. Grand old trees dotted both hillside and valley, lovely birds were carolling their sweet songs of praise, fine herds of cattle were browsing on the spacious stretch of meadow and plain, and such a spirit of rest and peace seemed to brood over all, as to give one the feeling that, "all was well" and in sympathy with everything that is good and true. At 4.10 p.m. we took the train for Leamington, changing at Clews and also at Rugby. The following morning was bright and so we took carriage for a drive for the day. All the residences betokened

thrift, wealth and artistic taste. There are some mineral springs here, and it is a place of resort.

Kenilworth.

Our first stop was at Kenilworth Castle. This is a stately and magnificent ruin. Many of the walls are still standing, and as we climbed some of the stairways and from its parapet looked out upon the surrounding country, the landscape was a charming one. Looking over the ruins, there was enough of the decoration of the rooms remaining to help one to picture the richness and grandeur of the castle in its pristine days, and to suggest the scenes enacted here in former years.

Warwick Castle.

A five mile ride brought us to the entrance of Warwick Castle, the best preserved of all the castles still uninjured by the hand of Time. The rooms in the castle were very interesting and from one of the windows was a view of the river Avon, winding in and out, and a stretch of landscape I shall not soon forget. The castle is now occupied, and so we were shown but a few of the rooms. The grounds are beautifully laid out.

Stratford.

We then drove to Stratford, and stopped at the Shakespeare Hotel, where everything is quaint, and every room named after some play of Shakespeare. We went into the Stratford Church, where Shakespeare is buried, and where there is a monumental bust of the poet. The large windows in this church, illustrating "Shakespeare's Seven Ages," was the con-

tribution of Americans. The Memorial Building was well worthy a visit, and is pleasantly located on the banks of the Avon. The interior is divided into a library, picture gallery and theatre. Shakespeare's home in Henley street is well preserved and looks very antique. We took a good look at the Memorial Fountain, erected by Mr. Geo. W. Childs, of Philadelphia, and drove through a finely-wooded park, well stocked with deer. We returned to Leamington, reaching there about 7.15. October 4th found us early making our way to the Leicester Hospital, a fine specimen of the old half-timber style building. The huge east and west gates arouse one's interest, as remnants of the old walls of the town. On our return we visited the "Pump Room," where we listened to a delightful concert.

Oxford.

We left by train in the afternoon, and after an hour and a quarter's ride, reached Oxford. We attended church, at the Manchester Chapel, hearing Rev. Stafford Brooks preach from Ephesians 2:8 and 9. In the evening we went to the Church of St. Mary the Virgin. The sermon was from 1 John 1:8. Dr. Pusey preached within its walls, and here the Wesley's worshiped, Latimer was tried here, and Wycoff, who translated the Bible, worshiped in this sanctuary. We saw here the grave of Amy Robsart.

Oct. 9, we visited Christ Church College, founded by Cardinal Wolsey in 1525. The hall is filled with portraits and here, once, Charles I held Parliament. We passed from the grounds to the Cathedral Church of the See of Oxford. Here is a portrait of Wilberforce, carved out of wood. Something which I had never noticed before in the Cathedrals, was the "Watching Place," a place where the patron saint of the

Cathedral was guarded. We next saw the chapel and library of Merton College, Pembroke, Corpus Christi and Oriel Colleges. A visit to the famous Bodleian Library, and a climb to the roof, gave us a very fine view of the city. A short walk brought us to the theatre, where all the commemoration exercises of the Oxford University are held, degrees given, etc.

The next day we visited Magdalen College. We strolled down Addison's walk. Eight miles from Oxford is Woodstock, celebrated as the occasional residence of Henry I and II, and the fair Rosamond, and the drive hither on a beautiful October afternoon was a trip long to be remembered. The road was so straight that we could look back for miles over the way we had come. Woodstock was a very quaint and interesting old town and here we saw the house in which Cromwell dwelt, and also Chaucer's habitation.

Blenheim.

Blenheim Palace, the gift of the nation to the Duke of Marlborough, was of more than usual interest to us, as the residence of an American lady. The Duchess was absent, but as we drove we saw her two children. The entrance to Blenheim is through a broad avenue, lined on either side with two rows of fine English beech trees. The dwelling is unpretentious. The grounds are extensive, and the massing of trees on the extensive lawn is in imitation of the order of battle at the siege of Blenheim.

The view from the house is a very beautiful one. This grant of land and 250,000 pounds was given to the Duke of Marlborough, in 1703, by Queen Anne. On the morning of Oct. 11th, we left Oxford for London, and after an hour and forty minutes ride, reached the great city at 12.10 p.m.

Back to London.

We had expressed ourselves to some of the English people, as not desiring to return home, until we had seen a London fog, and though these are not due, before Nov., still on Oct. 12th, (whether for our special benefit or not, I cannot say,) we were favored with one, of so genuine a character, as to fully satisfy all our wishes in this direction. The afternoon found us at Kensington Palace, where the Queen was born. The Palace is quite unpretentious, but the park, in which it is located, is a most charming spot.

We wandered through the various rooms of the Palace, some of which were very interesting. In glass cases, were preserved many of the playthings of the Queen, which bore a very strong resemblance to the dolls and toys of the present day. Many pictures hung upon the walls, those of the "Coronation," "Marriage of the Queen" and "Baptism of the Prince of Wales," being the most prominent. Of the many guests present at the marriage, only one beside the Queen is still living. On the afternoon of Oct. 14th, we rode out to "The People's Palace." We found the palace a substantial, but unpretentious structure, planned to meet the wants of the People. The hall for the entertainments is large and fine and here are held very nice concerts, the best artists giving their services, and for three-pence anyone can hear "The Messiah" "Elijah," and concerts of a more miscellaneous character. A Lord, whose name I do not recall, has given a large number of tropical plants, and so, opening out from the hall, these have been so arranged as to form a Winter Garden, and during the intermissions, here is where the people can promenade. What such influences mean to the respectable people, it would be hard to estimate, and time alone will determine. We visited

the work-rooms, school-rooms, etc., and were greatly impressed with the power for good these courses were destined to effect. There are one hundred scholarships given to the boys and girls passing the best examinations, and these are worth to each one, at least 50 pounds. On the payment of a shilling a week, any one can pursue the branches they wish.

Oct. 15th we heard Dr. Parker preach. His subject was "Watered Gardens." At the close of service, we took a cab and were driven to Mrs. Griffin's, where we dined. This glimpse of Americo-English life (for both were Americans) was interesting and agreeable. A little trip to Kensington the next morning we very much enjoyed.

We took the train for Windsor on Oct. 17, reaching there about 11.40. We were shown through the State rooms, visited the Terrace, the Royal Stables, and St. George's Chapel. Prince Albert's Memorial is fine. In the stables were ninety horses, the Queen, then at Osborne House, having twenty with her. Fifty-eight grooms were in attendance. The royal carriages filled one building, the harnesses and saddles another, and then there was the riding stable, where the young Princes and Princesses are taught to mount, the Queen sitting in the balcony to watch them.

We visited the National Gallery on the afternoon of the following day, and attended a fine concert in the evening, at Queen's Hall. To my utter astonishment, during this concert, the gentlemen all about lighted their cigars and quietly puffed away till the air was thick with smoke. There was a very fine band, with some eighty members, and a pianist, tenor-soloist, our own Mr. Van Hose, a base soloist, and Miss Sterling. Oct. 19 revealed a dense fog. Another fog, equally dense, greeted us on the following day, but in the afternoon we went to Westminister Abbey, where service was being held.

The singing by the boy choir was fine and the service very impressive.

Oct. 23, we were driven in a carriage to the house of Mr. Henry Jones, near Hyde Park, where we had been invited to dine. This was a typical English household, and we had a very pleasant glimpse of real English family life.

Oct. 24th found us making our farewell visit to the British Museum, and taking a last look at the many wonders gathered there, for we were to sail from Liverpool on the 25th.

The Return Voyage.

After months of most delightful travel in many countries, the date, Oct. 25, that seemed so far remote when we landed at Naples, was actually upon us, and our trunks, which we had packed and unpacked so many times were really strapped and locked, and we were on our way to the station at London to take the special for Liverpool to board the steamer there and sail for home ; the thought of our home and the dear ones awaiting us there made us feel that, much as we dreaded the ocean trip at this late season of the year, time could not fly fast enough for us nor the steamer make too rapid headway to land us once more on our own native shore ; we had to bid adieu to but one at the station, and she a stranger comparatively, whose acquaintance we made on our outward trip ; kind words were exchanged and we were about to enter our compartment when the guard, instead of assisting us, as heretofore, requested us to follow to the office a man whom he summoned to escort us ; such a strange proceeding almost took our breath away, for why should we be hindered thus in our journey, and what could it mean ? Rather bewildered and crestfallen, we followed his lead to the place where we found an excited crowd gathered around one poor, lone man whom I heard say, as I approached, " You cannot sail to-day on the Germanic for she met with an accident not two hours since," Cannot sail, I thought ; why we must sail ; well, after considering the matter, though it took some time to collect our thoughts, we decided to take the train for Liverpool and there await the sailing of the Oceanic, a week later.

Leaves from My Diary.

I will not give a lengthy account of our trip homeward, but will say, that we embarked on Nov. 1st. and soon after leaving Queenstown encountered headwinds, which blew with hurricane force, for three days, creating such a disturbance of the sea that the greater majority of the passengers were very sick and kept their berths ; on Sunday morning I managed, by holding on, to mount the stairs and to reach the saloon where service was being held ; but a scanty number were here gathered, but if ever you feel that you are in the keeping of your Heavenly Father it is when upon the high seas ; all human aid seems utterly powerless for any emergency when even such an immense steamer as the Oceanic pitches and seems like a toy upon the waves. When we reached the Banks, the weather changed, and then did we again begin to enjoy the sea.

An entertainment was held at which Lord Paunceforte presided with great dignity and speeches were made by him, by Andrew Carnegie and Mr. Alfred Arnold, member of Parliament ; we had on board many dukes, ladies and titled people, some very worthy of their titles and some seeming to have nothing but these appendages ; as Lord Paunceforte said in his speech, an ocean steamer is one of the most wonderful things in the world, and the Oceanic, a wonder of wonders ; it is 704 feet long, carried on our trip 2200 people and used 600 tons of coal daily ; when about to board her with his family he said he could hardly conceive of a mind capable of planning and constructing such an immense ship. There was a very fine library on board, and every convenience for the accommodation of the passengers ; as the weather forbade much promenading on deck we read many books, and thus the time passed very pleasantly ; when Fire Island was sighted you cannot realize, if you have never experienced it, our joy and enthusiasm and our impatience at being required to remain at anchor at quar-

Leaves from My Diary.

antine for the night; daylight found us up and ready, and at 8.30 we were towed into our slip, where the passengers disembarked; our dear ones were waiting to welcome us. Three cheers for America, the home of the brave and the land of the free, and we could heartily say the best country upon the face of all the earth.

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